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The Saturday Review of Literature

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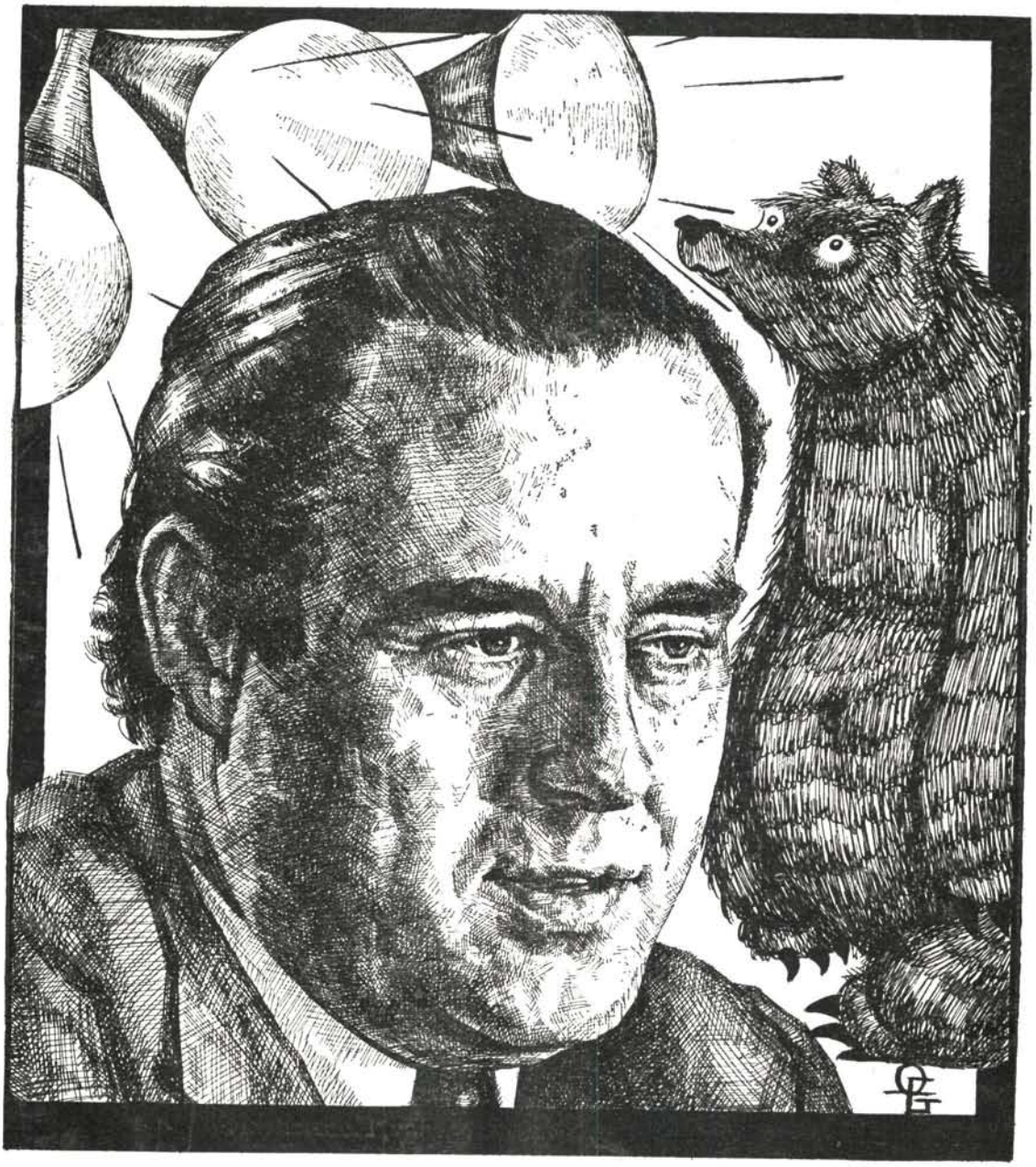

Frank Tashlin, author of "The Bear That Wasn't." *(See page 15)*

In Search of an Idiom

By FRANCIS HACKETT

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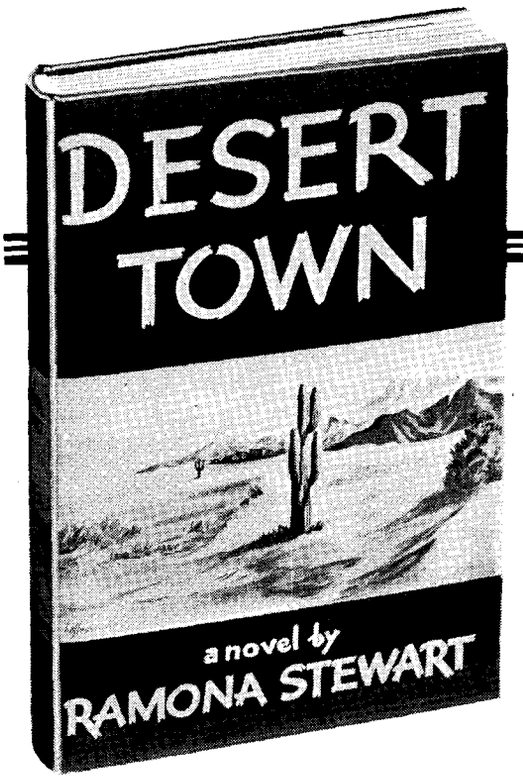

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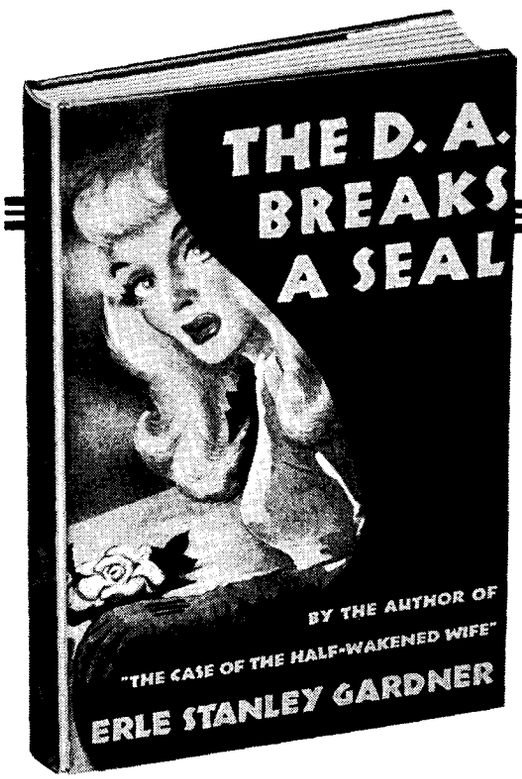

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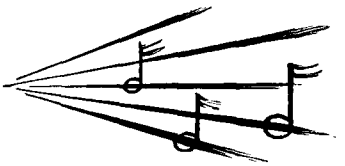
On Whistling



OLD MAN: *What is it that's green, hangs on the wall and whistles?*

YOUNG MAN: *I don't know, what is it?*

OLD MAN: *A red herring.*

YOUNG MAN: *But it isn't green.*

OLD MAN: *So you can paint it green.*

YOUNG MAN: *But it doesn't hang on the wall.*

OLD MAN: *There's a law saying you can't hang it on the wall?*

YOUNG MAN: *But it doesn't whistle.*

OLD MAN: *Nu, so it doesn't whistle.*

In 1941 Robert Paul Smith's first novel was published with the title SO IT DOESN'T WHISTLE; he also wrote the poem MILLIONAIRY which delighted so many of you (according to your letters) when it appeared on this page a few weeks back. Before we say anything about that first book, or the second, THE JOURNEY, or the new one, BECAUSE OF MY LOVE, which we published this week, we'd like to make a few comments on whistling and whistlers in general.

The sort of whistling we mean is the kind you do without a gadget of some kind, not the disciplinary whistle of the policeman or the football referee, but the unpremeditated whistle of the boy going fishing or the mechanic fixing the transmission of your car.

This brand of whistling is entirely personal and completely pure. By "pure" we mean it isn't intended to impress, compel, or inform; it happens because the whistle decides that now is the time to come out, for it's hard to imagine anyone but a professional performer consciously deciding I will now whistle or I will now stop whistling. It's usually a pretty independent performance—sometimes straight repetition of a remembered melody, other times variations on a familiar theme, or occasionally an invention that leaves you debating its source and wondering if you can do it again.

This may not sound especially relevant to the writing of Robert Paul Smith, but it is, because Bob's writing is an entirely personal and pure affair too. Each of his books was written because it was the time for him to write that book and he did it in and out of himself with no moistened finger held to trade winds. (He has a job and works hard at it.) The books are different because Bob was different when he wrote them. Maybe they are all parts of the same book, although the cast of characters and the names change in each. In some ways it is difficult to term them novels, because the use of this word suggests a controlled artistic act on the part of the writer, aimed at presenting something that has the satisfying appearance of wholeness—a beginning, a middle, and an end. Novels in this technique sometimes suggest great evocative maps of oceans, while another book is more like a single wave forming itself out of a common horizon and moving, changing within itself, to the limit of the reader's vision.

Each of Bob's books is of the latter variety. He has made no attempt to define what each book is a part of, or how much a part of a larger whole it is supposed to be. SO IT DOESN'T WHISTLE is about a group of young people in New York. You know their origin as well as they know it themselves, but you are no surer of their destination than they are. THE JOURNEY starts with a group, but contracts its focus to a man and a woman who are impelled to seek an older and deeper civilization in America and in themselves. BECAUSE OF MY LOVE is about a young man who found his love and lost himself. Bob Smith practices no alchemy on his characters: they are as they are, part of his time and his world and our time and our world—just as good, faithless, loving, lying, betrayed wanderers as the rest of us.

This theory of writing is guaranteed to endear the writer to only that section of the reading public which has given up searching for the philosopher's stone. Proportionately speaking, critics have taken a firmer stand regarding this author than readers. For example, Otis Ferguson in the *New Republic* wrote about SO IT DOESN'T WHISTLE: ". . . it is the best of its kind since that particular mood appeared in the early Hemingway." The *New York Times* had this to say about THE JOURNEY: "It is a strange, lonely little tale of a tired body, a tortured mind, a haunted soul—the story of millions of young men in the world today. Robert Paul Smith pours it out like a mountain stream, swiftly, in clear icy prose that sometimes warms in the sun and sings with a biblical rhythm."

We have had to print 7500 copies of BECAUSE OF MY LOVE before publication. We're happy to be publishing it and we're glad that so many people seem to be looking forward to reading it. So if we run across the young man who got such cold comfort from the elder and the herring we'll tell him about Bob Smith and his books and perhaps he'll understand that the only important riddles are those with no answers, and the thing is to find his own work and do it and let the herrings turn any color they want and whistle or not whistle as they choose.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

In Search of an Idiom

FRANCIS HACKETT

SOME day it may happen. A writer will appear who is as unblemished in spirit as Shakespeare, but who to Shakespeare's benign sanity will add incomparable knowledge of society and all that science has mastered. With the fullest resource of intellect he will have a gift of expression that is matchless. What he writes will not be a book. It will be a new Bible. And this Bible will conquer the world.

A pipe dream? Yes, it was Adolf Hitler's pipe dream. It was Nietzsche's pipe dream when he wrote "Thus Spake Zarathustra." Nietzsche, wrapped in an old robe from the theological warehouse, a borrowed idiom from the holy books, believed that his was an inspired Word. So, in his self-intoxication, did Hitler. Hitler, moreover, had the will to express an original message in terms more uninhibited than that of civilized human beings. "Mein Kampf" is an effort to give a modern community its supreme text. Uncouth, ignorant, and vicious, the book discarded all that humanism had taught in order to make a new religion for a chosen people and their national state. It was a shrill counterblast to Lenin and Marx, brown against the red.

All my life I have looked for someone, not a smart Mephistopheles like Hitler but a writer with spiritual health and goodness joined to literary genius, who would accomplish the miracle that this age demands. It has demanded it ever since Erasmus and Thomas More ridiculed the stock images at Canterbury. For four hundred years the Western intellect has been divorced from Jehovah. Men have written since then with the magic that a new Bible must possess to move humanity. Tolstoy had it. But Tolstoy, who had a towering intellect, tried to reach his people through the old idiom. He put on a smock and went native, he devised ABC's for rural schools, he went down on his literary hands and knees, and he did it in an agnostic world.

Once in London, sitting at Bernard Shaw's table, I had him turn his keen gaze on me. "We may think we write best-sellers," he said, with his short sniff of Irish scorn that was his way of hiding magnanimity, "but we can't hold a candle to our friend here." Our friend had written "By an Unknown Disciple." How many languages had it gone into? Thirty or thirty-five. But that, too, was in the old idiom, an archaic idiom, a borrowed idiom. And Shaw's own preference in idiom would have been for a gorgeous freedom of expression like that of Lawrence of Arabia. Lawrence vested his English in a flowing glory, a radiant garment in Eastern folds and lines. It was his personal expression, audacious and dramatic, but clothing a restless soul, dazzled by the picturesque.

Great writers have striven in France for a new Word that would have flame in it. Michelet caught fire from the Revolution. But the French were habituated to courtly rhetoric, which is emotion after spit and polish have been applied to it. What does a Frenchman think of Shakespeare? He thinks that William lacks spit and polish, which he does. Yet when a Frenchman has true inspiration, as Michelet had, he foresakes the polite method and loses balance. He harangues his assembled audience, while Shakespeare, however public the medium he worked in and however intended his effects, was above all the most private in his tone. He did not ignore multitude, and he was often pompous, but in his best scenes he consummates privacy and sustains his creatures as in a hand.

To do this in our time, but in such a form that the intellect can sanction it, is the necessary preliminary to a new and unified world. How far America can lead in this messianic role is a question, and perhaps one for philosophers to answer,

Has America the philosophy? Pragmatism, it seems to me, is modelled rather closely on the principle of a federal bank. It "values" truth and goodness for what they bring in the market. It extends credit, and it says to the depositor, "You are *good* for this much credit." It even can manage, like Lord Keynes, to give credit or to detain it on rather nebular hypotheses, with new nebulae in the bag. It "works?" Schacht may wonder how well it works, and the late Loewenstein or Krueger may now be pondering it, bug-eyed and blistering, but that was because, pragmatically, they ceased to be "good." The criterion of "good," in short, depends on something that moves in and out like a concertina, so that your pragmatic responsibilty is not to go when the Master says so, but go when the going is "good."

AH, but science! The pragmatic system has a criterion, science. Ask the scientists when the going is "good." They'll tell you, just as they tell us when it is going to sleet, when it will be safe to come North, and when you ought to sell Tel and Tel. Not that pragmatism is crude or ingenuous about Success. Success, "the bitch goddess," was the rugged individualist's first wife, but pragmatism is the rugged individualist's cautious statistical grandson, married to a low-heeled girl called Scientia. Their child is being analyzed.

And Scientia seeks to pick a bitter quarrel with the literary. Dr. Lyman Bryson spoke up for her in these columns not long ago, complaining that "writers of all kinds of literature" are the enemies, active enemies, of social science.

To make good his point, he sallied

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forth for a safari in the literary suburbs. He potted a rabbit right off, a literary critic who doesn't read papers in biology or physics because he doesn't "know what the authors are talking about." Dr. Bryson peppered Tolstoy, too, a great artist in words but "often notably deficient in the power of abstract thought," abstract thought being presumably thought ready for a Ph.D. Dr. Bryson did better with the store cattle of literature who rub against a trespass sign, resenting the encroachment of science on "part of what the writers think is their job."

But these rumbling, cogitating, ruminating, regurgitating beasts are not "literature." They are its stalled oxen. Dr. Bryson thinks of writers as "self-centered and lyrically gifted," ineffably tender. He defines the artist as "one who conveys emotion by means of design," while the scientist, "who is generally sure in prediction," is seen to be on solid ground, dealing with statistical truths (truths, did you say?), seeking operational definitions and tentative laws, but making no claims to Truth, whereas writers of literature have their "chosen absolutes."

Here we should go to the fountainhead, to the authority of John Dewey. When my friend Dr. Bryson says "social science," we have to be wary. We have Lenin's word for it that Marxism is "the last word in social science." Does any pragmatist think that? John Dewey has called Marxism "the theory which has made the most display and the greatest pretense of having a scientific foundation" but "the one which has violated every principle of scientific method." Hence to be the enemy of *that* social science would not be a cause for reproach.

Yet John Dewey, writing his volume on "Freedom and Culture" in 1939, put his knife into literary persons pretty much as Dr. Bryson does. "Literary persons," he said, "have been chiefly the ones in this country who have fallen for Marxist theory," because "they are the ones who, having the least amount of scientific attitude, swallow most readily the notion that 'science' is a new kind of infallibility."

WRITERS, to sum up the indictment, don't think well enough of science to understand its attitude, but also think too well of it to understand it. Their plight is obviously comic. We must be serious about it, however, since this breach between science and literature is the tragedy of our disunited, warring world. My contention is that literature is less at fault than science. Science can say anything it likes about the grand army of parasites that infest literature as if it were a Florida or a Riviera; they are insufficient in science as in everything else. They wind up as soda-jerkers, flippant entertainment being the height of their ambition. An illegitimate ambition? Far from it. But in a sick world it is not literature, it becomes simply the writing business, and you must spy out for literature as you do for a qualified prescription clerk in a modern drugstore. Narrowing down writers to the relatively small band that create a tradition as well as respect one, I say that science has betrayed them in betraying democracy. John Dewey himself puts it in a nutshell when he says, "A culture which permits science to destroy traditional values but which distrusts its power to create new ones is a culture which is destroying itself."

In this drastic statement our culture, American culture, is said to be

destroying itself. But the constituents of that culture are democracy and science. The senior is democracy, the junior is science. It is admittedly science that destroyed traditional values, and I hold that science has caused and is causing democracy to distrust its powers.

Why did our fellow-travelers go to Russia in the first place? Science, the science that destroyed traditional democratic values, sent them there in search of other values. Jack Reed, Albert Rhys Williams, Anna Louise Strong, Lincoln Steffens, Emma Goldman, Max Eastman, William Henry Chamberlin, Eugene Lyons — they were all drawn to Communist Russia because their faith in American culture had given way. It began for them, as for many others, with "the dissemination of the results of physics, chemistry, biology, and astronomy." That science was "devoid of moral quality" was axiomatic, and the destruction of traditional democratic values was a consequence. A further consequence, in those evangelical by nature, was the budding of a new faith in the Soviet.

It is an omen ill for democracy, says John Dewey, when scientists regard their activity as "devoid of moral quality." All civilized values are doomed, he adds, if science is "incapable of developing moral techniques." But we cannot wrap "science" and "civilized" together. Soviet science has not proved incapable of developing what pragmatically for Williams and Miss Strong are "moral techniques."

WHAT is involved in the conflict between democrats and fellow-travelers is the nature of that American faith which science undermined. The elements in democracy that invite faith are a mixed lot, and some of them are manifestly unworthy of it. But while this end of the relation has to be taken pragmatically, and while the shuffling and sifting of the elements can be unending, we cannot be equally shuffling and equally tentative in our consent to the faith as such. Faith is a trust. It is a trust in both senses. It obtains our trust by the very fact that it responds to our preferences, but so long as it does this it obliges us to fulfill wholeheartedly the trust it imposes on us. We are not obliged to blind ourselves about the mixed elements in it. We are, however, under fixed stars, forty-eight to be exact, and committed to the hilt.

It is this entirety of consent and this willingness to abide by faith which cannot be shifty and provisional. Even dogs can have perfect faith. Why not democrats? We rise to a level of fidelity in virtue of the bond being a free one, but we must conquer gravity to keep it on that level. Democracy is not foolproof, nor is the state its goal. The state is its medium, in which free individuals brush against one another to generate its power.

The logical snag for fellow-travelers is to be found in Scientia's double role as mistress and wife. Scientia came as a siren into the home life of Americans who were unhappily married to capitalistic, Puritan democracy. She sang a song and did a dance. She sang of determinism at first, and all being "beyond good and evil." The dance was lively and carefree, whirling away from any burning or binding faith. But after the divorce from traditional values, science in the Soviets brought out the wedding ring and turned on the screws. She resorted to new "moral techniques."

And so it must always be, if these techniques can be devised for given situations and are devoid of essential quality.

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It was strange the other evening to hear Bertrand Russell's little crackling voice on the radio, expressing pain that the youth of England is so cynical. Who taught it to be cynical? Every man of my generation has benefited by John Dewey and Bertrand Russell in the fight to knock over institutions that gave us dogma instead of data, cut off evidence and the quest for it, barred the roads to research. Freedom from religious totalities was imperative, and John Dewey was a pioneer in "freedom from." His career is an intellectual emancipation proclamation. But what was he emancipating the slaves into? Into a poverty that proclaimed laissez-faire in ethics, an equivocal condition, a beggarly condition, for which science, mechanistic and brass bound, took no concern.

THE result in literature has been chaos. John Dewey is not contemptuous of artists. He doesn't limit art to conveying emotion by design. He says its problem is to unite intelligence with desires. "Art is the name given to all the agencies by which this union is effected." But what if science, regarding all "values" as operational, tentative, statistical, provisional, is asked to tell us how and where intelligence is to get the moral values with which to sway desires? John Dewey says democracy is a "way of personal life and one which provides a moral standard for personal conduct." But a standard is something you measure by. It can't be a concertina. It has to be a "chosen absolute."

In the year that Dr. Bryson published his first book, 1916 (it was a book of verse called "Smoky Roses"), literature was consciously seeking a new idiom for its humanism. It was striving to arrive at the meaning of life. Millions of young men were under fire in 1916, and dying in greater numbers in France than they did in this war. The big topic for humanism was science, then as now. And for science the big topic was atomic energy. Who was writing of it? H. G. Wells as a literary man. Who was "sure in prediction"? H. G. Wells. Who pooh-poohed him? The men of scientific method, not merely the tight-minded social neuters or cold-blooded technocrats, but good scientists. They put "collective mentality," not the autonomy of the individual, in the forefront. They did not say, in the old idiom, A. M. D. G., "to the greater glory of God." Before Moscow's children—just like ours, to the sympathetic—they hang a motto on the school walls that puts the state as the be-all and end-all. "Every student must stubbornly and insistently apply himself to his education in order to be a real use to the state." Tolstoy foresaw, from the first acts of the red prelude, the moral anarchy that would result from a stateism based on science with no place for good or evil in it. In the struggle to give meaning to life, it was not always literature that was tender-minded, with science tough-minded, bloody but unbowed. H. G. Wells related atomic energy to "A World Set Free," when scientists were skeptical, tentative, provisional, and evasive.

But today, is that different? Dr. Bryson does not say a word of Arthur Koestler. Just as H. G. Wells tried to englobe the commissar in "A World Set Free" and the yogi in "God, the Invisible King," so Koestler, equally devoted to scientific method, writes "The Yogi and the Commissar." Macmillan let it go out of print, not having enough paper for "Forever Amber" and all the other important books, but in the last section of this brilliant and remarkable critique we have science related to values in such a manner that even Professor Irwin Edman, who so caricatures "Perennial Philosophy" as a "failure of nerve," should not be able to dismiss it, and Professor Edman seldom fails of nerve.

What weapon had civilization when Hitler set out to exterminate the Jews? It had the weapon of democratic values. These values, John Dewey admits, are to be traced to their source in "Hellenic humanism and in Christian beliefs." In short, to perennial philosophy. Non-democratic and anti-democratic societies like Germany and Russia repudiate these humanist values. The Rights of Man, "chosen absolutes," do not exist for them. Koestler explicitly defines that place in "The Yogi and the Commissar."

Yet cultural nihilism has now spread so far and wide that democracy swallows it obliviously. The new novels by Evelyn Waugh and Erich Maria Remarque, chosen for our vast public, do a great deal to bring home to us why John Dewey has apprehensions for American culture. Remarque despairs of intelligence in love. Love is blind, women are like that, the French are like that. Into the Paris of Toulouse-Lautrec he brings one sanity, German medical science, and for the rest it is the old picture of democracy patented by Goebbels—feeble, disordered, corrupt, undisciplined. Waugh has the same disdains, disillusions, and distrust, though a monastery provides a mattress grave for his Tory alcoholic, named no doubt for Sebastian Melmoth.

Arthur Koestler has stood the brunt of war no less than Remarque or Waugh, nor does he disguise the sickening behavior of France toward refugees. But Koestler has not been disintegrated by nihilism. He exhibits scientific method, "freedom of inquiry, toleration of diverse views, freedom of communication." But no matter what collective convenience may demand in the way of civic subordinations — one-way streets, rotaries, green lights, speed limits—he does not confuse this "level of organization" with a higher one. He does not shirk the fact that you must ascend from a lower to a higher level on a ladder of metaphysics. This alone makes the universe intelligible and the autonomy of the individual possible. That autonomy is at the core of America's democratic faith. It is what is meant by speaking of "a moral standard for personal conduct," which presumes such things as order, a universe, and a soul.

BUT these are precisely the things for which we have no tolerable idiom. When John Dewey went to Russia he was bowled over by the burning faith he found there. It so infected him that he came away predicting world revolution. He was later repelled by Russian ruthlessness, revolted by the treatment of dissenters, and angered by Russia's "refusal to tolerate the existence of incompatible opinions." He regarded this as a denial of our culture.

But our culture is not a negative one. Its faith in the last resort has to be so strong that a man will die for it. However Galileo may have fielded the ball in sunny Italy, a man like Koestler knew what it was to choose a position and stick to it. Only in this way can democracy reach those people for whom Tolstoy so mightily labored. In France, where Catholics and Communists are compelled to work together, a new Rights of Man may take into account all that humanism proposes to science. For science is the method by which a new idiom will make a world synthesis of values the subject of the Word.

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New Novelists of 1945

ALICE PAYNE HACKETT

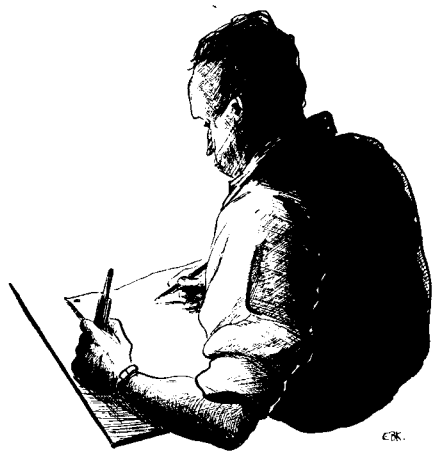
THE most successful first novelists of 1945 were Adria Locke Langley and James Ramsey Ullman. Their books were among the ten best sellers of the year. One hundred and sixty-eight thousand copies of Mrs. Langley's "A Lion Is in the Streets" (Whittlesey House) passed over bookstore counters, plus approximately 600,000 used as a Literary Guild dividend and distributed by the Dollar Book Club. With Book-of-the-Month Club sales, the total of Mr. Ullman's "The White Tower" (Lippincott) came to 522,126 copies for the year.

The protagonist of "A Lion Is in the Streets" bears a striking resemblance to the late Huey Long. The story was dramatic, vigorous, readable, though hampered by the overuse of dialect. The publishers knew early that they had a winner. One hundred thousand copies were printed before publication date; it was serialized in *The Saturday Evening Post*, and it was purchased for movie production for $250,000.

An enthusiastic mountaineer himself, James Ullman had previously written two books on mountaineering, but "The White Tower" was his first novel. His story of six people climbing a Swiss peak was hailed as fine writing, especially the descriptions of the struggle to conquer the mountain with its pervading and breathless suspense.

Runners-up as popularly successful first novelists of the past year were Peter Bowman, Robert Molloy, and Nancy Bruff. Mr. Bowman's "Beach Red" (Random House), a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, described a landing on an unnamed Pacific island in crisp, vivid prose that was set to look like poetry. Selection by the Literary Guild helped make a big sale for Mr. Molloy's "Pride's Way" (Macmillan). As literary editor of the *New York Sun*, Mr. Molloy was well acquainted with the craft of writing. His own first book was a gentle, satiric story of two eccentric old sisters of Charleston, S.C., who had not spoken to each other for years. Their quarrels and reconciliations and family troubles form the plot, the Charleston setting being merely incidental. "It is a slight book . . . yet there is about it the feeling of charm," wrote Bucklin Moon in *The Chicago Sun*. Creating talk in the book world because of the publicity methods used in promoting its sale was "The Manatee" (Dutton). Using Forever Amberish tactics to put over the photogenic author rather than the book itself, the campaign rolled up over 70,000 in sales. A melodramatic story of a Nantucket sea captain, it was almost universally disparaged by the critics, though many readers apparently enjoyed its lurid episodes. The author, Nancy Bruff, has a book of poems scheduled for publication this spring and another novel in the offing.

Of the 860 new fiction titles published in 1945, only about seventy were first novels. None besides those mentioned was extraordinarily successful from the sales angle, though many achieved critical praise and moderate demand from the book-buying public. The year 1945 was probably the low point of the war period in book production; 1946 will inevitably see an increase in the number of titles, with an increase in the number of new and promising novelists. Interest in new writers continues to be intense. Many publishers have established fellowships, prize contests, and awards to encourage new writers. Simon & Schuster has established a separate division, the Venture Press, for the publishing of first writers.



During the war years many potential writers were engaged in other and more absorbing tasks. World War II has not as yet produced the great war novel. Some good novels have, however, come out of it, most of them based upon individual participation. "Beach Red" has been mentioned. Notable, too, are Carl Jonas's "Beachhead on the Wind" (Little, Brown) and "The Brick Foxhole," by Richard Brooks (Harper). Carl Jonas was a boatswain's mate, second class, in the Coast Guard. His story of sailors marooned on a bitter Aleutian island when their ship was beached was termed "one of the best combat novels of the war" by Ralph Peterson in *The Chicago Sun*. From the Marines came the story of the "brick foxhole" —a desk job, which eventually sent an artist-soldier watching other men ship out on a wild week-end in Washington, from which he awoke suspected of murder. "A true book and a courageous one," said Bernard De Voto.

"E Company," a Venture Press book, was written by an infantry lieutenant who received his medical discharge in 1943, Frank O'Rourke. It is the story of an average group of young Americans united by the chance of war and carries them from their training period to a last fierce engagement at Kasserine Pass. Another 1945 Venture Press war book, "Interval in Carolina," by William Miller Abrahams, was about the confused love interests of a young Harvard intellectual slated for embarkation. "Banal, sophomoric," *The Chicago Sun* termed it, "fresh and poignant," declared *The New York Times*, while *The New Yorker* said, "It will be pleasant to hear from Mr. Abrahams once he has settled down."

"Hurry Home to My Heart," by Lt. Sam Byrd, U.S.N.R., was a soldier's love story and a Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship winner. In "Desert Episode," a young British officer died looking for a definition of courage in the fly-infested, Jerry-ridden precincts of El Alamein. Written by Captain George Greenfield, it was the winner of the Macmillan Centenary Award in Fiction for the armed services in England.

Not a combat novel but concerned with a by-product of war was the fresh, engaging, and humorous "Now That April's There," by Daisy Neumann (Lippincott). In it two British children returned to the slightly stuffy atmosphere of the home of their Oxford professor father after three years with American foster parents. Their American manners were a blow at first, but eventually both parents and children became readjusted.

ADDITIONAL war novels were: "The Dreamers," by J. Bigelow Clark (Doubleday). Marooned on a Mediterranean island, six people are faced with horror when the Germans take over.

"The Gay Deserters," by R.V.C. Bodley (Creative Age Press). Pleasure-lovers of Europe find refuge in America during the war. The author has written a non-fiction book, "Wind in the Sahara."

"Interim," by Roy Coryton Hutchi-

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son (Rinehart). A soldier explores the war-affected minds and emotions of the inhabitants of an English country house.

"The Open City," by Shelley Mydans (Doubleday). A story of Americans in a Philippine concentration camp by the wife of a *Life* photographer.

"Shape of Danger," by Axel Kielland (Little, Brown). Underground adventure in Norway. A translation.

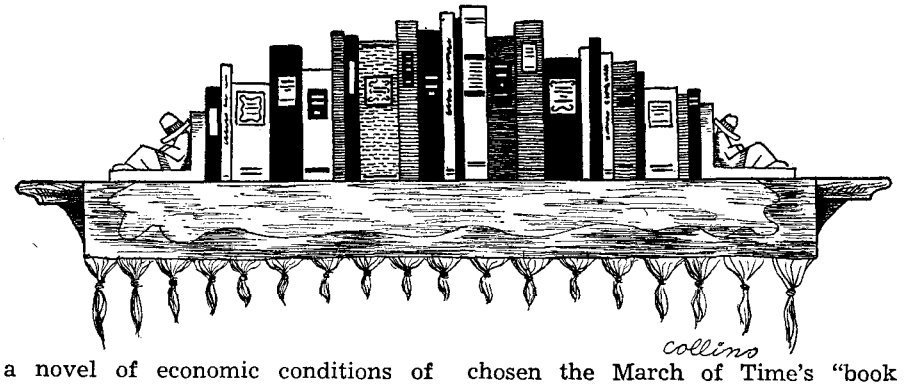
"Three-Day Pass," by Leslie Waller (Viking Press). A soldier and a girl in New York for three days.

"Undertow," by Howard Maier (Doubleday). Army life and the shock of seeing a Negro soldier lynched drive a young Northerner to a psychiatrist.

Economic and racial problems were chosen as themes by some of the promising new writers of 1945. Sergeant Josiah E. Greene was the winner of the Macmillan Centenary Award in Fiction for servicemen in America. His long, detailed, and penetrating novel of labor relations, love, violence, and gossip in an Eastern dairy community was entitled "Not in Our Stars." Mary Ross called it "original, absorbing," in the *New York Herald Tribune.* Mary Vardoulakis, winner of Dodd, Mead's fourth Intercollegiate Literary Fellowship, told about the loneliness and economic and social problems of a colony of Greek immigrants in a New England mill town in the early 1900's in "Gold in the Streets." Also about a New England mill town was Paul Driscoll's "My Felicia" (Macmillan), in which the precincts of the gently-born were invaded by a first-generation Polish girl. "Valley of Power," by Eleanor Buckles (Creative Age Press), told of conflict in a section where a huge dam was being built. Chester B. Himes's "If He Hollers Let Him Go" (Doubleday) was a highly dramatic, race-conscious story set in the wartime shipyards of Los Angeles.

Already well known on both sides of the Atlantic as a poet, Alexander Comfort, a young Englishman, wrote his first novel, "The Power House" (Viking Press). It was the story of a French industrial town from the 1930's through the occupation period, the central characters being a factory worker and a scholar. "An interesting failure," *The New York Times* reported, but the *Herald Tribune* said, "Approve of it or disapprove of it, no thoughtful reader is likely to deny its power and passion."

FROM freed Italy came "The Pine Tree and the Mole" (Dial Press), by Ezio Taddei, who had spent eighteen years in a Fascist prison. It was



a novel of economic conditions of the post-World War I period, of the underworld and upper middle class of an Italian city.

Two interesting novels concerned with racial intolerance were Hart Stilwell's "Border City" (Doubleday), about a newspaperman's fight for justice for Mexican laborers and for a girl in a Texas border town, and Arthur Miller's "Focus" (Reynal & Hitchcock), a forceful story of persecution in a hate-filled, anti-Semitic area of New York City.

Several new novelists explored the strange paths of psychology. Marc Brandel called his "Rain Before Seven" (Harper), depicting the inevitable approach of tragedy through the interplay of eight odd New Yorkers, a low fantasy. Reviewing it in the *New York Herald Tribune,* Lisle Bell said, "You have the impression that Mr. Brandel's objective was to create a ribald story on an intellectual plane but that he failed to master the formula."

A brutal childhood experience and a twisted marriage haunted a lonely New England woman in "The Lonely Steeple" (Venture Press), by Victor Wolfson, playwright turned novelist. Also in the *Herald Tribune,* Lisle Bell called Helen Haberman's "How About Tomorrow Morning?" (Prentice-Hall) "dramatic, diverting and still not too divorced from reality." It was the story of a career woman with a lust for money whose complete nervous breakdown led to the resolution of her emotional difficulties. "The Broken Pitcher," by Naomi Gilpatrick (Dial Press), told of strange, frustrated love. "A highly creditable first novel," said the *Catholic World.*

Two studies of alcoholics came in the train of 1944's successful first novel, Charles Jackson's "The Lost Weekend." "The Glass Crutch" (Doubleday) was the record of a hopeless drunkard who lost his friends, wife, and work before he found intelligent psychotherapy and the courage to accept it. The author, Jim Bishop, is now executive editor of *Liberty.* Eliot Taintor's "September Remember" (Prentice-Hall) was based upon the work of Alcoholics Anonymous, and upon its appearance was chosen the March of Time's "book of the week."

In the realm of abnormal psychology can also be placed two first novels in which gambling was the theme. "Intense narration," the *New York Herald Tribune* called Edward Harris Heth's "Any Number Can Play," a Harper find. "A roving comedy of manners," said *Time* of "All Summer Long" (Duell, Sloan & Pearce), by Hobson Wilder. It told of an elderly, mildly lecherous owner of a Brooklyn gambling house who moved among the mindless, moneyed patrons, observing their passions.

NOTABLE for their background treatment are the novels in a group headed by Captain Walter Karig's "Lower Than Angels" (Rinehart). Captain Karig is the joint author of "Battle Report," volume one, and the forthcoming volume two, but this was his first attempt at a straight novel. He portrayed photographically lower middle-class life in Brooklyn and Staten Island through the character of a boy growing up. "Realism shot through with irony and pity," said the *Chicago Tribune.* Enchanting Dublin atmosphere and characters of depth and sincerity marked Ruth Harnden's "Bright Star or Dark" (Whittlesey House). It was the story of the granddaughter of an Irishwoman famous for her beauty and her politics who found maturity in the love of an American Trinity student, in pre-war Ireland, already penetrated by the Germans. Miss Harnden is at work on a second novel. Of Letitia Preston Osborne's "They Change Their Skies" (Lippincott), a gentle novel of the assorted people in a Honduran boarding-house, *The New Yorker* remarked, "Atmosphere vivid and the characters have a certain humorous freshness." Flavorsome was the word for "Barington," by Edward Tatum Wallace (Venture Press), distilling small-town existence in the Arkansas of the early 1900's. The author was a sergeant in the Army Air Forces. Richard Scowcroft, a native of Utah, wrote "Children of the Covenant" (Houghton Mifflin), "an excellent novel about the contemporary life of Mormons," accord-

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ing to the *Springfield Republican*. In "Lean with the Wind" (Whittlesey House), Earl Schenck, known for his travel book, "Come Unto These Yellow Sands," offered a well-reviewed Tahitian novel.

The crop of historical novels was fairly large. Heading them was one of the finest "firsts" of the year. It was not for its historical background, nineteenth-century Indiana, but for its serene Quaker characters, who were yet full of laughter and the joy of living, that Jessamyn West's "The Friendly Persuasion" (Harcourt, Brace) was so well received by critics and public.

Of high quality also, "The House on Clewe Street," by Mary Lavin (Little, Brown), told of three generations of an Irish family before World War I. It was serialized in *The Atlantic Monthly*. The author's previous book of short stories, "Tales from Bective Bridge," won the James Tait Black Memorial Prize. Praised for its characters and retelling of Roman history in 37 A.D. was "The Fates Are Laughing" (Harcourt, Brace). The late author, W. P. Crozier, was editor of *The Manchester Guardian*.

"The Violent Friends," by Winston Clewes (Appleton-Century), was based upon the life of Jonathan Swift when he was dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, and the two women who loved him, Stella and Vanessa. Crowded with characters from sixth-century Italy was Laverne Gay's "The Unspeakables" (Scribner). In "A Moment of Time" (Putnam), Sydney McLean told of a good, industrious New England woman. "An effective, restrained, and ingenious first novel," said *Time*.

"The Chapin Sisters," by Fynette Rowe (Current Books), was a record of the small triumphs, rivalries, and cold enmity between two sisters in an upper New York State town of the 1850's.

"A highly entertaining and charming book," wrote Rose Feld in the *New York Herald Tribune* of "The Happy Time," by Robert Fontaine, the first Venture Press book published. Not all reviewers agreed as to its merit. In fact, Simon & Schuster ran an unusual newspaper advertisement replying to their criticisms. These episodes of a French-Canadian family from the standpoint of a small boy succeeded, however, in attracting over 30,000 book buyers. An adolescent girl who wanted to become a pianist was the chief character in Madeleine L'Engle's "The Small Rain" (Vanguard Press). "Her writing is good to discover," wrote Edward Weeks in *The Atlantic Monthly*. The sensitive, subtle characters of a nine-

year-old boy and his beautiful and domineering older sister were imaginatively presented in "The West Window," by L. P. Hartley (Doubleday). Also delicately imaged was an Italian child's growth in an Italian convent, New England, and New York in Helen La Penta's "Piccola" (Harper).

TOM Hanlin, who had had many short stories published previously in the "little" magazines, was the author of a well-liked tragic love story of a Scotch miner, "Once in Every Lifetime" (Viking). In England it was the "Big Ben" prize novel. "Not for the squeamish," but "the Catholic novel for which literate Catholics have long been praying," said *Commonweal* of Henry Morton Robinson's "The Perfect Round" (Harcourt, Brace). It was the story of a battle-fatigued man who regained his faith in the Catholic Church with the help of a wisely humorous girl and the acquisition of a broken-down merry-go around. Mr. Robinson was joint author with Joseph Campbell of "A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake" and has also written books on historical and political subjects.

Generally reviewed as an excellent light novel, introducing a humorous ghost who directed the affairs of an English household, was "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir," by R. A. Dick (Ziff-Davis). "Thirty-four Charlton Street," by René Kuhn (Appleton-Century), a novel about a parasitic Greenwich Village family, was an Avery Hopwood Award winner, as was "Family Tree," by Florence Maple (Knopf), in which a girl from the circus visits her mother's small-town relatives and changes the course of several lives.

Additional first novels of 1945 were:

"Animal Fair," by Evelyn West (Lippincott). A girl's attempts at a college education and at work on a newspaper.

"Claire: A Portrait in Motion," by Erin Samson (Harper). A gracious woman whose love of dancing fills her life raises two children and maintains a brilliant salon in the France of 1900-1925.

"Darkly the River Flows," by John Macdonald (Coward-McCann). Two warring brothers in Toronto. $1000 Canadian Prize Novel.

"Everything Is Quite All Right," by Wendell Wilcox (Bernard Ackerman). A big, good-hearted, not overbright girl finds her heart moved by the nondescript husband of her shrewish mistress.

"The Ghostly Lover," by Elizabeth Hardwick (Harcourt, Brace). A young girl's quest for security and love takes her from a middle-class Kentucky home to a New York university.

"Virgin with Butterflies," by Tom Powers (Bobbs-Merrill). A well-known actor's novel about the adventures of a beautiful cigarette girl on a weirdly wonderful trip to India.

"Voyage of Discovery," by Barbara Corrigan (Scribner). American university life in the 1930's.

The Home Front

By Lt. A. L. Glaze, U.S.A.

I HEARD a white man say
They ought to send us back to Africa.
I got mad.
It really hurt me.
I didn't say what I ought to
Because I want to live long as I can.
So I just say to him
"I reckon there'll be some argument before it happen."

He knowed we are their dependence.
He knowed we carry the weight
And keep it off his shoulder.
He don't want us to go to Africa;
He wants us to stay right here
And feel bad.

We don't want to set at their table
We don't want to sleep in their bed
We just want the things God sent us to enjoy.

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Second Guesses for First Novelists

SWEET are the uses of hindsight. The Saturday Review *asked six first novelists of 1945 to look back at what they had done and see if they found it good. Would they alter their books today if confronted with the opportunity (or the problem) of writing them all over again? What effect would reviews and criticisms have—for that matter, what effect* did *they have? Finally there is the matter of the usual post-publication ideas of the author himself as to how the book might have been improved. Go to it, boys and girl!*

Peter Bowman
"Beach Red"

SECOND-GUESSING, as the sportswriters know, is always a rather futile practice after a game has been played. On the literary scoreboard, particularly, the act of publishing appears as irrevocable as an umpire's decision in Brooklyn, and the only profit to be derived from hindsight is a determination not to be caught off base again.

In "Beach Red," certain errors of judgment have been committed, both in authorship and in critical review. The unusual form in which the work is cast has created a mild controversy among professional readers as to whether it is prose or poetry, and in a quick double play from "split prose" to "sprung rhythm" to "six main stresses" the side has been retired. To me, however, the matter is of limited consequence because mere questions of form cannot detract from the essential communicative function of literature. "Beach Red" is written in language, and since the purpose of language is to transmit ideas through the use of words, I have merely broadened the concept to transmit ideas through the use of words *arranged in such a way as to give them supplementary meaning and significance.* I have tried to create a mood of inexorable regularity that would correspond to the subtle tyranny of the military timetable in the carrying out of a beachhead operation. To do this, I have established a word as the graphic symbol for our smallest calculable unit of time—a tenth of a second—and by a logical extension of the principle, each ten-word line has become a second and each sixty-line chapter corresponds to the passing of a minute. Since the action of the book is confined to the events of a single hour, it will readily be seen that the primary purpose of the time-scheme is to achieve a background of continuity against which the story may be more effectively highlighted. Specifically, I have attempted to do for the eye what the ticking of a clock accomplishes for the ear, and while the device may be somewhat arbitrary it has its counterpart in the relentless inflexibility of time itself.

A few critics have referred to the book as a "tour de force," implying that it was some sort of literary exercise in which I had deliberately imposed a set of limitations on myself purely for the sake of seeing how skilfully I could write within them. This is not so, and aside from being personally resented, tends to scoff at every man whose thoughts and actions and feelings have been set in motion by H-hour—for "Beach Red" was not intended as a whimsical arrangement of lines and sections but as a sincere representation of a composite American soldier living from second to second and from minute to minute because that is all he can be sure of. I am certain that if a man were approached under these circumstances and accused of "exercising," the remark would not amuse him.

If I were undertaking to write "Beach Red" again in the light of post-publication sentiments, I would not alter the basic premise of the book's form. Realizing its vulnerability to misconception, however, I would try to work out a typography which would not look so similar to blank verse on the printed page. I would try to evolve a word-pattern that would be more distinctive and more inviting to the reader. As it is, the physical resemblance to a conventional narrative poem is too great, and while an author's preface or a clearly-stated publisher's note would have helped, I do not think that this would have been an entirely satisfactory solution. In the event tha I would have found it too difficult, for one reason or another, properly to fulfill my obligations to the reader, I would then have sacrificed the background and insisted on conventional paragraphs.

"Beach Red" was written during the war and was intended for wartime reading, when there was high interest in our enemy, in the nuances of strategy, in battle reaction, in what is termed "the feel and sense of war." If I were doing it now I would undoubtedly place the principal emphasis on more permanent aspects of the struggle, with less attention to specific details of locale or weapons or purely military procedures. I would not categorize it with so journalistic a title as "Beach Red," nor would I feel it necessary (as I did when I was a soldier among civilians) to attempt in some measure to "interpret" G.I. thinking for the edification of those who might too abruptly be exposed to it. Then, too, writing during peacetime, with the benefit of retrospection and in the calm, unhurried spirit with which one may treat of past events, I might have produced a more polished job and received a greater unanimity of critical approval.

But I would have missed a lot of fun.

Roger Coster

Peter Bowman: ". . . the only profit to be derived from hindsight is a determination not to be caught off base again."

Adria Locke Langley
"A Lion Is in the Streets"

WOULD I change "A Lion Is in the Streets" now that I've heard all the criticism? What a dreadful question! I certainly would not change the characters because I cannot imagine them any way except as they are. They were real to me and I tried to make them real to the reader. I would not change the happenings because the happenings grew

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—*Antonios Zamousakis*

Adria Locke Langley: "It had all been wonderful up to the time I thought about critics."

out of the characters. It was all sort of predestined.

But my way of telling the story? Well—the very first time I opened the very first copy of the book off the press (long before the critics had a chance at me), my very first reaction to the very first sentence my eye beheld was, "Good heavens! What *was* the matter with me!" I was dizzy with disappointment and spent hours rewriting a paragraph in a published book. I can think of nothing more fruitless.

It was then I began thinking about critics. Somehow it had never occurred to me that I was going to be subject to critics. I was an innocent author. When "A Lion" was scheduled for publication I had met but one editor in all of my life, had never met a publisher or a critic—why, I'd never met an agent. I had an agent—the best—Madeleine Boyd, but I'd not yet met her. In fact, when I was wondering about agents an acquaintance said he'd once met Madeleine at a house party and she rode a horse bareback into a Westchester living room. I said, "She's for me! She will understand Hank Martin." So I put the first hundred pages in an envelope and sent them to her. She promptly wired me a rave.

It had all been wonderful up to the time I thought about critics. I am an optimist by nature so it was the first time I ever determinedly expected the worst. When the reviews came out I read the caustic remarks hurriedly and lingered gratefully on the kindly sentence. That was the first reading. Later I studied them carefully and recorded in my little black book the criticisms which seemed constructive. Perhaps I can profit by them in the future. But as to "A Lion"—I've put it behind me. I enjoyed writing the book then. I wouldn't rewrite it now for a taxless million. I've something else on my mind.

Walter Karig
"Lower Than Angels"

Scene: A room, in a house on the banks of the Potomac, which is a cross between the Old Curiosity Shop, the play-room of a progressive kindergarten, and headquarters for a waste-paper drive. Marvin Lang, smelling slightly of marinated herring, sits politely on the edge of a sofa. The Author, sitting behind a typewriter (and on his impatience), smells, of course, of tweeds and tobacco, according to the rules of the game.

LANG: Say, Pop, the *Sadday Review* wants to know if you would of made me different if you had the job to do all over again.

AUTHOR (rather oracularly): You may tell the *Saturday Review* that I could not change you without making America over, and I never had the ambitions of a Tugwell. Besides, see what happened to him.

LANG: What?

AUTHOR: What "what"?

LANG: What happened to this guy Tugboat or whatever you call him? I don't remember him in The Book. Or was he one of the reviewers?

AUTHOR: Skip it. How do you feel about it yourself? Would you have wanted to be made any different?

LANG: Geez, no! I think you done as good as you could, everything considered, that is. Acourse, maybe you wrote too much about my shackin' up with all them dames and not enough about my business ability—I done pretty good with the Store, remember—but I guess maybe you knew more about the one than the other, hey? Ha, ha, no offense, Pop!

—*Leja Gorska*

Walter Karig: "'I done as good as I could.'"

AUTHOR: Maybe I did not do full justice to your intellectual and—er—professional abilities, but, after all, I put down what you and your contemporaries talked about the most. If all your prototypes—I mean, if all you birds had talked more about salami and less about sex, maybe I would have written you differently. But I agree with you. I "done as good as I could," and I do not think I would change you if I could. You are eternal, Son—and that's the hell of it.

LANG: You missed a lot of good, juicy dope at that, Pop. Like the time Mrs. Gerschmeyer—but like you said, skip it. Okay, the *Sadday Review* wants to know some more inside dope, like now what about the reviews and the crit—crick—cr—cripes, what a word!

AUTHOR: Listen, son, the only change I would have made in The Book could I have anticipated the criticisms would have been to write a preface saying: "Any resemblance of this novel to 'A Tree Grows In Brooklyn' is just the author's hard luck." Your conception and parturition, I recall, was longer than mythology attributes to Hercules, and I did not read "The Tree" until critics used the space in reviewing "Lower Than Angels" to talk about Betty Smith's novel. I thought it was the polite thing for me to do. That convinced me I should have had you born in West Terre Haute instead of Brooklyn. You could have been, you know. Or in East St. Louis, or Oakland, for that matter.

LANG: Jeez, could I of? Can I next time, huh?

AUTHOR: Next time you will be born without benefit of geography. Any more questions?

LANG: Yeah, one more. Let's see, it says here: "Finally there is the matter of the usual post-publication ideas of the author himself as to how the book might have been improved."

AUTHOR: Let me confess, son, that I only wrote you. To answer adequately any of the questions, and especially the last, I would have to read you. The very thought gives me the jim-jams. I'd rather put the time on writing your baby brother.

LANG: Am I gonna have a baby brother? Honest? Holy kee-rist, look! I got some ideas you can use. You can put them into your own words, of course, but maybe you can

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get him into the movies if you do the thing right. I always thought I could of got into the movies if only you'd of—

AUTHOR: Ah, yes. Yes, indeed. Why don't you write me a letter? Then I won't run the risk of forgetting any of your ideas. Just jot them down and mail them to me. And now will you please get the—I mean, I know you are a busy man. I hope you are, anyhow. I must not take any more of your time. You've been a real inspiration to me, son.

LANG: Well, so long, Pop. See you in the funny papers. *(Exit.)*

AUTHOR: No such luck! *(He shoves a pile of manuscript off his desk, recharges his typewriter and pecks out:* Chapter One. *He does not notice the carbon paper is inserted wrong-side foremost.*

Chester B. Himes

"If He Hollers Let Him Go"

I WROTE "If He Hollers Let Him Go" for the sole purpose of showing a tiny facet of the frustrations inherent in the lives of present-day Americans, both black and white, and the compulsive behavior resulting therefrom; and the only change I would consider would be to restore some of the passages that were deleted from the script for fear of offending the delicate sensitivities of the American public with the unbeautiful truth.

Not Bob, or Madge, or Alice. I could not with integrity. To have given Bob greater strength of character or powers of calm ratiocination under the conditions, as some critics have suggested, would have been to deny him his humanity, as it would, to have allowed him to resolve his emotions, to deny the continuing actuality of the conditions. And the conditions are life as it is lived with common experiences in the lives of Americans of their classes, not beyond, but within our own scope of actual knowledge.

The sly manner in which many critics evaded the racial-sexual conflict, as Horace Cayton in the *Pittsburgh Courier* defined, "the subtle, horrible manner in which sex can be used to express racial hatred and revenge," in fact the refusal of Americans as a whole to look upon the grim actualities of their own lives, the depths of their own depravities, the dangers of their dissatisfactions, and the extent of their brutalities, accepting instead, with fulsome self-delusion, the utterly deliberate, premeditated falseness of their own self-picturization, always reminds me of the story of the restaurant proprietor who spoke thus to the indignant prostitute, "Now you come in here and gag at a fly in your rice."

Certainly I would not attempt to offer a solution for the "Negro problem." To a nation whose Constitution not only contains, but consists of, a completely formulated and feasible solution; whose vociferously avowed ideology is dedicated to human rights; a nation that in four short years mobilized its resources and resolved its determination, went on to establish new production records, to create an "arsenal for democracy," to organize the best equipped and greatest fighting army in the history of the world, to discover the most destructive agency, the atom bomb, in time; that fought a thousand battles on as many fronts and won this great war for freedom—does it not seem that to such a nation the suggestion of a solution for an internal problem would, on my part, be presumptuous, nay, an insult, in fact, crass impudence?

Nor would I saddle an underprivileged, uneducated, poverty-stricken, oppressed racial group with this responsibility (and I have nothing but antipathy for those who do), which is not theirs and never was theirs; and even if it was theirs and they knew the solution and the manner of effecting it could not possibly do so, themselves, in this nation.

I have decided it is my small, self-appointed task to write the truth as I see it. As long as this nation is what it is and its human products are what they are, then that is what I will write about, beautiful or not; and the only thing critics may say that will ever influence me is to correct my technique.

Robert Molloy: "If an author is going to progress, his attention should always be on his next book."

Chester B. Himes: "It is my small, self-appointed task to write the truth as I see it."

Robert Molloy

"Pride's Way"

I AM not trying to evade the question about what changes I'd have made in "Pride's Way" if I'd had the chance to do it all over again when I say that my whole outlook on writing runs counter to such a supposition.

Neither am I trying to be supercilious. Everyone who associates with writing people must know at least one of them who has succumbed to the temptation to be perfect and, as a result, is struggling, after ten or twelve years, to revive the corpse of a once promising idea. When conscientiousness reaches this neurotic stage, the odds are about a thousand to one that a writer will never finish anything. And even supposing that I myself could have continued reworking my material without falling into this trap, I have very little sympathy with the precosity the process implies. Perfection, despite what Michelangelo said, is often a trifle, or, to quote W. Somerset Maugham, it's a trifle dull.

A novel is a stage in a writer's work. "Pride's Way" was the final outcome of a number of plans for a work of fiction set against the back-

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ground of my childhood. By the time I had finished it I think the conception had gone through sufficient alteration. From a purely mercenary attitude, I believe I might have added a love affair as bait for Hollywood. Technically, although I do not doubt that there are in it many faults of proportion and emphasis, I had accomplished what I wanted to do, which was to tell a story in terms of cause and effect. Spiritually, I was through with it.

This may sound like complacence but it isn't. When the novel was accepted, I had the usual case of author's cold feet. Alterations were hardly in question; what I often longed to do was to recall the book entire.

That was nearly a year ago. Looking back, I don't believe that, in the state of my progress as a writer at that time, I could have done much effective altering. In order to have reached any valid conclusion about extensive improvements, I should have had to be a good judge of my own writing, which probably no author really is, and I should have had to make a prolonged study of my own completed book. Aside from proofreading, which was largely mechanical, I have never read it since it was written. If an author is going to progress, his attention should always be on his next book.

I believe I could have learned a good deal from the reviews of my novel if they had been less uniformly kind. Many reviewers hedged a bit by describing "Pride's Way" as unimportant. I don't know what constitutes importance in a work of fiction, and besides, a writer can't go out hunting for importance. He has to work with the ideas his unconscious suggests and which his particular type of mind can use and develop. There were no extended technical criticisms. I wish there had been.

Many of the reviews were pleasantly flattering. I can't judge of their final effect. Obviously a first novelist who isn't pleased by good reviews is not the sort of person you would want darkening your door; on the other hand, I'm positive I haven't been misled by the occasional coupling with my name of such names as Chaucer, Flaubert, Arnold Bennett, and Ellen Glasgow. After all, I've been a book reviewer for fourteen years, and I know all the temptations and most of the clichés (needless to say, I never use the latter).

As for post-publication ideas, I'd like to note, for the possible guidance of (chronologically) younger writers, the more general and personal ones. I wished I had written more, published or otherwise ("Pride's Way" was only my third completed novel). I wished I hadn't been so damned solemn about writing when I was twenty, although there was no cure for that but to get older. I wished I had spent less time reading the often worthless new books which a reviewer has to read, and I wished, paradoxically, that I had spent more time reading the great books and more time loafing, particularly with people. But all that, except as a warning to others, is useless. What's done is done, and I emphasize that, at a certain time, that should become true of the book one is writing. You have to know when to leave well enough alone.

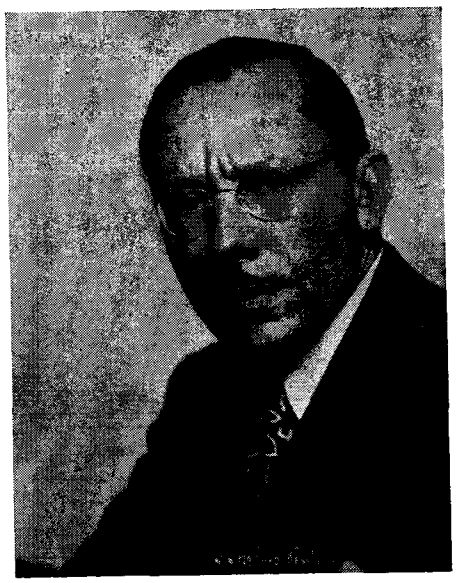
James Ramsey Ullman

"The White Tower"

IF I had occasion to write "The White Tower" over again (which, thank the Lord, I haven't), there is, I think, only one major change that I would make in it. Writing in 1944 and early 1945, I conceived the story as taking place contemporaneously, during the last year of the war. If I were writing it today, I would advance its time-setting by a year, into the post-war world.

In part, of course, this would simply be an effort to keep a contemporary story contemporary. But I feel, too, that the book would gain intrinsically thereby. The war, as war, serves merely as a rather remote backdrop to the action, and in addition presented, in the writing, a good many pesky problems regarding the assembling and motivations of the principal characters.

Laid in the Europe of today, rather than of yesterday, the mechanics of the story would require considerably less contriving; and the underlying theme, it seems to me, would gain, rather than lose, in meaning and pertinence with the passage of a year. The climbing of the White Tower, as I conceived it, was primarily an act of faith—an affirmation of the will-to-hope and the will-to-do in a tired, despairing, and shattered world. Today the fighting is over, the guns silent, the corpses buried. But it would be a rash optimist indeed who would say that the need for that faith and that will has passed, or that humanity has advanced perceptibly farther up the slopes of its mountain.



James Ramsey Ullman: "I am reasonably content with 'The White Tower.'"

Other changes? . . . Yes, there are a few I would make. For one thing, I would try to make Martin Ordway, my protagonist, less of a "norm" (which was deliberate) and more of an individualized man. For another, I would attempt to present Carla, the girl Ordway loves, not entirely through his eyes, as is now the case, but more directly, as a person in her own right. Also, I would cut or trim some of the descriptive and contemplative passages.

And that, I confess, is about all. Not that I think the book is perfect, or anywhere near it. Nor that I haven't learned anything from the comments of reviewers and readers. Having, however, once endured, and more or less survived, five years as a Broadway theatrical producer, I am perhaps more thickly armored than most writers against the bouquets and brickbats of professional criticism. Being only human, I naturally consider Mr. Harry Hansen (". . . the finest fiction in months") a somewhat nobler practitioner of his art than, say, Mr. Isaac Rosenfeld (". . . a race against nausea"); but I hope I have encountered enough raves and raps in my day not to let the former go to my head or the latter to my heart.

In short, I am reasonably content with "The White Tower," and, even without the changes mentioned above, I do not think it will ever cause me to hang my head in shame. I hope that in the years to come I shall write better novels—much better ones. But meanwhile I have three very real satisfactions from this, my first. It was written from the heart. It was about a subject that I know and love. And it was the very best job I was capable of doing at the time I did it.

It seems to me not unreasonable that these things—plus the fact that most people seem to like the book—should make any author rather happy. . . . Which I am.

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From Comic Strip to Comic Art

THOMAS SUGRUE

WHEN a civilization or a society becomes aware that its rear end is sticking out, that birds are nesting in its hat, and that someone has cut through most of the elastic in its braces, there is hope for its sanity and its salvation. It is then that the Comic Spirit—right arm of reason, defender of sanity—comes to the aid of her befuddled earthly wards. "If you believe that our civilization is founded on common sense," said George Meredith, ". . . you will, when contemplating men, discern a Spirit overhead . . . so closely attached to them that it may be taken for a slavish reflex. . . . Men's future upon earth does not attract it; their honesty and shapeliness in the present does; and whenever they wax out of proportion, overblown, affected, pretentious, bombastical, hypocritical, pedantic, fantastically delicate; whenever it sees them self-deceived or hoodwinked, given to run riot in idolatries, drifting into vanities, congregating in absurdities, planning short-sightedly, plotting dementedly; whenever they are at variance with their professions, and violate the unwritten but perceptible laws binding them in consideration one to another; whenever they offend sound reason, fair justice, are false in humility or mined with conceit, individually or in the bulk; the Spirit overhead will look humanely malign, and cast an oblique light on them, followed by volleys of silvery laughter. That is the Comic Spirit."

If this is so, then the world of today is the hit show of the universe. It fulfills all the requirements of roaring farce, with a laugh in every line and the curtain hitting the actors on the head as it falls. Unfortunately the actors think they are performing in a drama of adventure and romance. Some of them, of course, suspect what is going on. Like certain of their ancestors — Aristophanes, Rabelais, Voltaire, Cervantes, Fielding, Molière, Hogarth, Mark Twain, Shaw—they have keen ears, and they detect that the applause is always preceded by, and stems from, mirth. They begin to play their parts for the laughs.

These are the comic poets, rare in any society, but increasing in number as a culture grows and broadens. "There are plain reasons why the comic poet is not a frequent apparition," Meredith points out. "A society of cultivated men and women is required, wherein ideas are current, and perceptions quick, that he may be supplied with matter and an audience." Modifying for reasons of exigency the requirement of cultivation, America from the days of her pioneers has been an ideal environment for the agent of humor. She has to be. Her mammoth attempt to mold scrapings from every country in the world into a single people needed all the help it could get. As the great mass seethed and boiled toward uniformity the differences which would not melt were thrown to the top and skimmed off. That skim is preserved in the history of our humor — immigrant types, comical Negroes, rich monopolists, the trusts, financial buccaneers, the Tammany type of politician—all the personified eccentricities, sins, and foolishments which bubbled up as the heat increased.

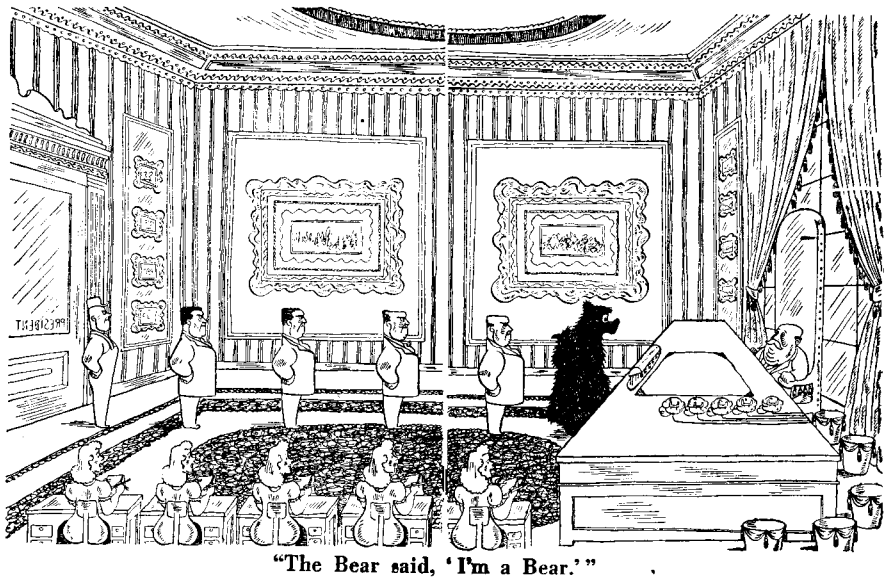
It was a violent, quickly changing surface, and the pictorial satirist, the cartoonist, was its most successful recorder and interpreter. With a few swift strokes he noted the contours of the froth before it blew up or shifted form or sank back. He is still on the job, and he will probably be there until the end of time, because a lot of people are going to look silly when they get in line for the Last Judgment. In fact *all* of us are going to look silly. What the pictorial satirist of today is trying to point out is that we look silly now. That is what Frank Tashlin says in his little book, "The Bear That Wasn't."*

He doesn't say we ought to do anything about it; that isn't his job. But if you can see yourself in his caricatures and still laugh at them you *are* doing something about it.

The appearance of Tashlin's book has a significance beyond its text, its pictures, or its message. About a generation ago a change took place in American pictorial satire that augured well for the American people. In cartoon humor until that time the joke was on the big fellow. The common man was, generally speaking, a normal fellow. Those who had power over him, from his wife to his President, were to blame for his misfortunes and his melancholy. Even the comic strips made the average man a victim of monsters beyond his control—the horrible Katzenjammer kids, for instance. There were pioneers in the coming metamorphosis, of course. Tad was one, with his "Indoor Sports." Herriman, with "Krazy Kat," was another. There were occasional flashes in the work of such men as Oliver Herford, and in the magazine work done by artists like Glackens, Bellows, and John Sloan. But the actual change came with the flowering of *The New Yorker* magazine in the late twenties.

In *The New Yorker* cartoons the traditional situation was reversed. The average man was the departure from normal. The prominent man became not the oppressor of this ordinary fellow, but his hero, his enthusiasm, his creation. Walter Lippmann wasn't caricatured, but rather the Lippmann enthusiast who said, "I haven't read Lippmann yet so I don't know what I think." Willkie wasn't caricatured, but Mary Petty drew a picture of a lady at the opera with "Win with Willkie" tattooed on her arm. The people, so long pitied, were exposed as the authors of their own woes, the perpetrators of every

* THE BEAR THAT WASN'T. *By Frank Tashlin. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 1946. Unpaged. $1.25.*



"The Bear said, 'I'm a Bear.'"

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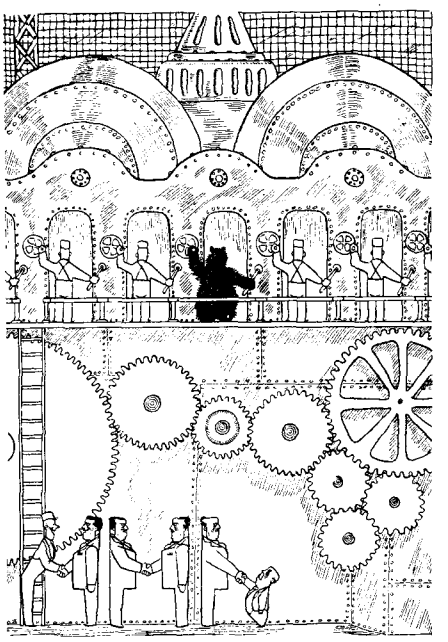
crime committed against them; and when a prominent man or woman was satirized, he was satirized in his role of simple citizen. Nobody was spared. Peter Arno took care of the upper crust, William Steig and George Price roamed the nadir, James Thurber and Carl Rose and Mary Petty and Helen Hokinson operated in between.

The success of this wholesome leap into realism was instantaneous. By the middle thirties almost all the magazines featured such cartoons. The public loved them. They were an editorial "must." A prominent professor, lecturing on the phenomenon to his class in Chaucer, cited the trend as the most hopeful sign he had observed since the emancipation of the female limb. Probably it was due in some measure to Jung and Freud, but whatever the origin, the end was obvious. The changing American, eager to chart a safe course and keep in the right direction, pictured himself in all possible postures of the mind, heart, and spirit, and guided himself by his own reaction. Says the husband in one of James Thurber's drawings, "With you I've known peace, Lida, and now you say you're going crazy."

With the advance of this psychoanalytical school the political cartoon suffered a decline. When a man is convinced that he is himself to blame for his troubles there is no sense in trying to tell him that they are the fault of his Senator or his President. He may admit that he is not personally responsible for his Senator—he may have voted for the other fellow—but the man was elected by individual voters and these voters deserve what they put into office. The point, of course, is that the psychoanalytical view is primarily a personal or metaphysical view, involving a desire to bring harmony and order to an esoteric self rather than an exoteric community or society. At this particular time, with humanity fulfilling every detail of Meredith's definition of the ridiculous, it doesn't quite fill the need. And the need is great.

That is why Frank Tashlin's little book is welcome. He is a Hollywood resident, an animated cartoon artist, a strip man; his art is not the single drawing, with its lines subtly distorted to tell a story with continuity and action. He is used to effects brought about by thousands of pictures, simulating motion akin to the motion of physical life. Single cartoons are not his métier.

But he had an idea about people and what happens to them in modern life, and he felt that it ought to be done in picture and story form, and he did it. The result is a volume



Bear and "other men."

you can read in five minutes, during which time a big and complex idea is reduced in your mind to simple terms and symbols. There is a bear and there are some men. That is all.

The bear sees the leaves falling from the trees and goes into a cave to hibernate. While he is asleep some men come and build a large factory right on top of him. When he wakes up and walks out of the cave he finds himself in a large building. A foreman tells him to get to work. He says he does not have to work because he is a bear. Look at the picture which shows the foreman's reaction. Think of yourself.

"You're not a bear," the foreman says. "You're a silly man who needs a shave and wears a fur coat."

The general manager says the same thing. So do the third, second, and first vice presidents (each vice president is a smaller man in a larger office). The president of the factory agrees with them. But he gives the bear a chance. They all go to the zoo.

"Is he a bear?" the president says to the zoo bears. The zoo bears say he isn't; if he were he'd be inside with them. They go to the circus. The circus bears also say he isn't a bear. If he were he'd be in the ring with them, doing tricks.

The bear gives up. He says he must be a man. He goes to work in the factory. He runs a machine. He is a good and steady worker.

There is a happy ending, but you can find that out for yourself. There is a symbology, too; Mr. Tashlin explains it. He says the bear is all of us, who get taken in by some of us, to the benefit of a few of us and to the detriment of most of us. The average man is victimized again. You can take that or leave it. The bear could be nature itself, which with passing civilizations gets told it is chlorophyll, djinns, electricity, fairies, biochemistry, but which goes back to being nature again when the civilizations fall. The important thing is that the book takes a dangerous situation in human affairs, expertly satirizes it, and presents it in a manner which anyone beyond the weaning stage can comprehend.

It is not an easy thing to do. In satire the touch must be light, the treatment must be objective, the point must not be pressed. The application of these principles in animated cartoons has not been too successful, even in Mr. Disney's productions. Tashlin, making a stalwart effort, succeeds in his adaptation of the animated technique to the story, or strip, form. But "The Bear That Wasn't" is not a comic book or a book of cartoons or a comic strip. It is a satire, a pictorial satire which dramatizes a specific situation in symbols which are easy to identify and difficult to forget. It makes a stab at comic art, which is a long way from comic strips, and this is no more to be expected than the wholesale hegira of Hollywood actresses to desert nunneries. What's going on out there?

"Our laughter," said Henri Bergson, "is always the laughter of a group." If you do not laugh at "The Bear That Wasn't" you are not only not a member of the human group, you are an agelast, and you deserve it. An agelast (see Rabelais) is a silly man in a fur coat who needs a shave and doesn't think it's funny.

Fallacious Reasoning

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

LOVE, I said, would shield me from defeat . . .
A magic talisman, a sacred charm or
In time of direst need a sword of fire
And breastplate of invulnerable armor.

Fallacious reasoning! Love was no shield.
It was a banner and a battle cry
Which made me brave to die a thousand deaths . . .
And then a thousand deaths it let me die.

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A "Lost" Emily Brontë Novel?

THE BRONTËS, CHARLOTTE AND EMILY. By Laura L. Hinkley. New York: Hastings House. 1945. 376 *pp.* $3.50.

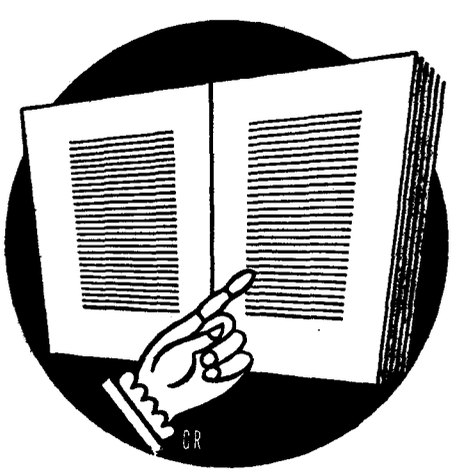
Reviewed by JEAN C. S. WILSON

THE outward and tangible signs that remain of the intense inward life of the parsonage at Haworth during the years 1826-1849 are tantalizingly few. Branwell's crude yet powerful portrait of his sisters, Mrs. Gaskell's life of Charlotte, the records of the most fabulous of all childish kingdoms, the mythical lands of Gondal and Angria, the novels and poetry, give only brief glimpses of actual events and personalities. Yet from this slender store of material has sprung a never-ending stream of books, monographs, pamphlets, lectures, and studies. As a result no family is so familiar, nor, because of the dearth of facts, so little known, as the Reverend Patrick Brontë, his children Charlotte, Branwell, Emily, and Anne, their aunt Miss Branwell, or their faithful servant Tabby.

Miss Hinkley has only a little that is new to add to the established pattern. The chief value of her book lies in the fact that she does incorporate into one volume the work of the major Brontë scholars, with special emphasis on Mrs. Gaskell, Fannie E. Ratchford, and C. W. Hatfield. In general she reworks and retells Mrs. Gaskell's biography, with added material from "Web of Childhood," and from Mr. Hatfield's edition of Emily's poetry. Her main points are well known—the happy childhood of the four surviving children that emerged from the shadow of their mother's and sisters' deaths, the fact that all of them were to some extent bounded, motivated, and dominated by their natural habitat, the moors of the West Riding, and the interdependence of their creative genius. Miss Hinkley is at her best in describing the early years of the young Brontës before illness and the struggle for adult existence descended upon them. She has a real feeling for children and childhood, and takes a positive delight in the normality of the children's household chores, their interest in pets, and their knowledge of current events and parish affairs. In and out of their workaday life of lessons, baking, sewing, and reading she interweaves their imaginative play which began with the "Twelves," a box of wooden soldiers given to Branwell by his father, and ended in the brilliant, teeming, and surprisingly sophisticated worlds of Angria and Gondal.

Unfortunately Miss Hinkley's rather fine portrayal of the Brontës as children runs away with her critical sense. For she sees the activities and interests of childhood as the chief source of what is still the most enigmatic flowering of literary genius known to us. Like many Brontë students since the publication of "Web of Childhod," she traces the evolution of character and situation from the magic of Gondal and Angria into the realistic novels of the Brontës' maturity. Undoubtedly Emily and Charlotte repeated themes and figures in their later work which were only half realized in their early imaginings, but the writing of their childhood and adolescence should be taken as a sign and symptom of their developing talent rather than as a reason for their eventual masterpieces.

Miss Hinkley has much to add about the transmutation of ordinary experience and knowledge into the forms of narration and character delineation. She does recognize that both Emily and Charlotte were fired and haunted by the concept of the suffering but always powerful male of mysterious and unusual antecedents, but the derivation of Heathcliff seems incredible. Aside from the Brontës' fairy-tale world, she sees him in Mr. Joshua Taylor, the father of Charlotte's friends Martha and Mary, in neighborhood legends of unbridled temper, and in Emily's observation of Branwell's disintegration. Emily never met Mr. Taylor, and could only have known from Charlotte of his rough ways and devotion to a love lost in his youth. Whatever Heathcliff was born of, it was not hearsay. Emily's ability to draw his proud, violent, self-willed nature, without a single flaw, in page after page of closely integrated conflict, makes it at least arguable that this prototype was more familiar to her than a figure of dream and fancy. It is, of course, possible that the loose outlines of the plot



came from stories of nearby Yorkshire families. Branwell, too, may have played his part, but if he did, he must appear as the weak, vacillating Hindley, not the turbulent, stubborn Heathcliff.

The most promising facet of Miss Hinkley's book is her hypothesis that Emily was working on a second novel and in all probability finished it before her death. "Wuthering Heights" was completed at least two and a half years, and was in print a year, before Emily died, and yet all that survives of her work during that fallow period is one poem. It is illogical that a young authoress should abandon the writing habits of a lifetime immediately after the publication of her first novel without a vital reason. Emily was in good health for all but the last three months of her life, and as far as we know had no demands on her time and energy which were not shared by Anne and Charlotte. We know this was a season of productivity for them, with "Jane Eyre," and "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall," yet Emily's pen is strangely idle.

This is Miss Hinkley's deductive evidence. The only actual evidence that Emily continued to write is a letter written to Emily by her publisher Thomas Newby ten months before her death, and a letter written twelve days before she died by Charlotte to her publishers, Smith Elder & Co. Both correspondents discuss a second work by Ellis Bell. The language of the letters in conjunction with Emily's good physical condition seem to point to a manuscript that was lost or destroyed. Miss Hinkley believes that it was a study of degeneracy based on Branwell's life and that Emily destroyed it after his death from a sense of pity. Perhaps she did. Perhaps, also, the piercing of her pseudonym and the general criticism of Anne's study of Branwell in "Wildfell Hall" were equally strong reasons against publication. The workings of Emily's heart and mind, even the reasons for her refusal of all medical care in her last illness, are shrouded in obscurity. What little we know of her final years does seem to hint at a story as tensely dramatic in construction and climax as her own "Wuthering Heights."

But Miss Hinkley is not the author to tell that story. She is too prone to substitute conjecture and psychiatric deduction for knowledge. Even though her inferences are labelled, they form so great a part of the text that her book cannot be considered as anything other than a personal concept of the Brontës' relations to one another, to their work, and to the world of intellect and emotion in which they lived.

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A Personal Conflict and Victory

WASTELAND. By Jo Sinclair. New York: Harper and Bros. 1945. 321 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HAROLD FIELDS

HERE, in the twelfth in the series of Harper Prize novels, is a book that is not a novel—it is without a plot and without a climax—but rather a continuous characterization that carries the reader along through a series of flashbacks into the home life of a simple, frightened newspaper-cameraman who is seeking to find himself.

"Wasteland" is the story of Jakie Braunstein who tried to conceal his Jewish ancestry and environment behind the cloak of Jack Brown and who found peace only when he dared revert to the personality of Jakie Brown. Ashamed of his family, frightened by the confining and seemingly empty wasteland of the rituals and drabness of his Jewish life, lonely in his isolation from his relatives and yet unconsciously hungry for their company, he comes to the psychiatrist for guidance. His is the painful tale of the second generation that struggles to be part of the new and yet remains part of the old. Jakie Brown is in constant conflict with himself, with his family, and with his world. He is Jack Brown at the newspaper office, fearful that he will be identified as a Jew and yet unable to break his ties with his Jewish heritage; he is Jakie at home, fearful that his family will obtrude itself some day on his "Gentile" world and yet unable to identify himself wholly with that world. Having tasted the joys of his newer environment, he struggles to establish himself in his proper place, so that there shall be balance and meshing between the European customs and attitudes of his parents, and the American pattern of his daily life. It is as though his feet were sunk in heritage, his hands and head gripped in the ever-strengthening talons of American environment, and his body and soul torn between them.

This is no tale of how the foreigner becomes the American: Louis Adamic and Mary Antin and Professor Steiner have done that in past years. This study, this novel, is different in its approach. Its treatment is subtle; it is a moving analysis, as told to the psychiatrist, of Jake Brown's own torment.

Throughout his story of his relations with the individual members of his family there runs the umbilical cord of tradition. He is now a recognized cameraman for his newspaper who is urged by his associates to give a one-man show of his work, but he is afraid and uncertain of himself professionally because of the tenuousness of his family background and because he is a Jew. As the psychiatrist jots down, after one of the Saturday chats, Jack Brown "is unable to leave these traditions in his mind, even after he has left them physically, because he feels a strong, groping urge for roots, for the stable cultural, racial, social roots of a people." And yet he sees about him, when he visits home, a

wasteland. It becomes more keen each year at Passover, when the story of the exodus of the Hebrews from Egypt is related at the Seder. "His unwillingness to face the significance of the Passover and Seder ritual, an ever-recurring pattern . . . is tied in his mind to the pattern of his family, each generation repeating itself (like the yearly Seder) in a new generation of wasteland."

It is the meaningless, insufferable repetition and purposelessness of life that bogs him down. His mother who toils and spins and finds it impossible to escape from the rut of her life. His father who is content to read and turn the page, turn the page, turn the page, through life but without personal or family gain. His brother Sig who started life as a rocket and plummeted to earth like a dud. His sister Roz whose marriage was followed by divorce and whose framework of happiness exists in a roadhouse as waitress. His sister Sarah whose home is soured by her sneering husband and her misguided children. His nephews who suffered from lack of understanding and guidance and whose remediable defects lead to jeers. And his sister Deborah, the only one who, unthwarted by these circumstances, quietly proceeds in her own way, patiently helping the others and not at all abashed by her surroundings.

All through the book there is the portrayal of "people who have wandered off into odd valleys. Physical, mental, or spiritual alleys . . . the strange people, the ones who are despised . . . or lost." And yet the novel is not one of despair or disillusionment; through it run threads that slowly are being woven to make a sturdy cloth of hope and faith. Jake Brown's feeling of shame—as shown in his early unwillingness to photograph the members of his family—is strong as long as he stifles it. But as he discusses his problems and lays the elements of his conflicts before himself and before the psychiatrist, he sees their rich values and begins to feel both the pride of his history, and his joy in perpetuating the contributions of his family. Being a Jew has been for him a source of fear, humiliation, and resentfulness against the wasteland of the future. This goes on as long as he allows his emotions and apologetics to dominate; as soon as he begins to understand his mother's love, his father's background, his sisters' and brother's ambitions, he senses a feeling of oneness with them and begins to give them all that he has in order to draw them out of the morass and quicksand of their environment. In that attitude he begins to find himself and gather strength.

Such a portrayal is effective when it is harshly realistic in its approach, and such the author has made it. This story of the loneliness in one man's soul, and its liberation through self-appraisal and frank recognition, must of necessity have a fundamental appeal where suffering prevails. The author has spared us the vapid homilectics with which such a theme could easily be embroidered; there is no moralizing and there is no philosophizing.

The story sweeps along with such emotional power that the reader shares Jakie Brown's own conflict and victory.

Arthur Davison Ficke

(November 30, 1945)

By Witter Bynner

AFTER the joy, the pain,
The swift, the slow,
You have not hoped in vain.
I know.

And yet I do not know
How not to blame
This fate to which you go,
From which you came,
In which you could not tame
The hurt of being
For all your golden flame,
For all your seeing.

At least you were never fleeing
Toward night from day:
Into this blind agreeing
You are drawn away.

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A Homely Story-Teller

TWELVE STORIES. By Steen Steensen Blicher. New York: Princeton University Press, for the American-Scandinavian Foundation. 1945. 305 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

THESE stories by Blicher, the Danish writer, bear the mark of a sensitive and self-conscious individuality, but they are marked at the same time with a more durable stamp, that of the character of his people. That is undoubtedly why he is regarded (as Sigrid Undset tells us in a very thorough prefatory study) as one of the most beloved writers of Denmark. His work is plainly not notable for any strength or subtlety of style—or, if it is, none of this has survived translation—nor does it venture through many levels of profundity to explain either the people or their fate. Blicher called himself a "heath-lark"; in one passage of his story "The Robbers' Den" he exalts that kind of lyric spontaneity in writing above all other styles. Certainly his own work possesses this quality in abundance. Most simply, with the direct oral approach of the story-teller at the hearth, he spins one tale after another, of parsons and hunters and fishermen, nobles and gypsies, the tough Jutlanders who live on the northern peninsula.

Blicher wrote in the early part of the nineteenth century, directly after the Napoleonic wars had receded and left Denmark in even more straitened circumstances than her natural conditions warranted. Denmark had fought on the side of Napoleon until his defeat, and suffered thereby the destruction of one third of Copenhagen and the loss of her army and navy. Blicher himself took part in the defense of Copenhagen before its capitulation. It is disappointing that none of this appears in his writing, not, at any rate, in this volume. Perhaps in designed escape, he turned his gaze backwards to earlier days, to the eighteenth century. Not to a happier time, perhaps, but to one in which the pattern of national life was firmly and securely set in a feudal design that was not without its compensations. The Danes looked upon their land-holding noblemen as the cream of the nation; the nobles looked back with affection and a keen sense of responsibility. Castes were at once rigid and comfortable, and revolution, which might be all right in other countries, was certainly not thought of here, except in terms of social reforms initiated by the crown.

All of this, which is social history, is the very marrow of Blicher's tales; it illumines, and is illumined by, the behavior of his characters. They never looked about for any human or immediate, and hence controllable, cause for the conditions of their living, their fortunes or misfortunes. These things were ascribed rather to the unaccountable powers, to chance or destiny or the unpredictable quirk of passion. Note how many of these tales—and the better ones—such as "Journâl of a Parish Clerk," "The Parson at Vejlbye," "The Gamekeeper at Aunsbjerg," depend entirely upon the twin forces of passion and coincidence, both beyond man's control, dwarfing his will to govern his own life. The eyes and thoughts of these folk seem almost to be driven inward; for lack of a malleable life without they live intensely within, upon fears and dreams.

The externals are here, too, in such of the shorter sketches as "Gypsy Life" and "Three Holiday Eves," and certain interpolations in the longer stories, to give us the feel of the land, the impress of old customs and festivals, the sounds of a speech that has kept its old forms. There are several folk sketches that are all but fabulous in their atmosphere of wonder and sentiment—of these are "Marie" and "Brass-Jens." All of them are tossed off in that same persuasive, offhand air of spontaneity. Nothing would seem to be further from the writer's mind than any such ambitious plan as a national portrait, yet his tales add up impressively to just that.

Perhaps the keenest pleasure to be derived from them is reserved for his Danish readers, who can best recognize the touch and flavor of their own past.

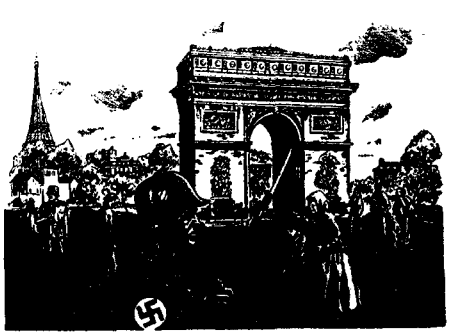
But these stories are very far from being provincial in appeal. They possess an essential humanity and a narrative charm that welcome all of us.

The Maquis, X-Rayed

WAITING IN THE NIGHT. By George Millar. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 377 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD PLANT

IN June, 1944, Captain George Millar parachuted to France to work with the French Maquis. He had undergone a hurried training in several English sabotage schools, which he describes with a biting humor worthy of Evelyn Waugh. Previously he had been all over Europe, as a correspondent, as a soldier, and as a prisoner of war. He spoke French with only a slight accent, and although he was blond and baby-faced he could pass as a Frenchman. His book describes his activities as a guerilla leader in different parts of France, mainly in the region near Besançon. The men of the underground, admiring his knowledge of explosives and arms, respected him as a leader and after two weeks he was an old hand at the game. He went home to England when the American columns moved into his region; his job was done. The underground movement yielded to the on-the-grounders.



Does this sound like "just another book of the French underground"? Nothing could be farther from the truth. Captain Millar has not only written an agonizingly exciting account of adventure, sabotage, and terror; he has succeeded in X-raying the French Maquis and, I'm almost tempted to say, in psychoanalyzing them.

He is apt to describe, in one episode, the exceedingly dangerous sabotaging of a railroad bridge, while in the next he coolly analyzes several leaders of the Maquis. Each of these men is a complete character, dissected and summed up with a subtlety usually found only in psychological novels of the very highest order.

Captain Millar has the highest praise for the unflinching soldiers of the Maquis, for their often unobtrusive heroism, their fighting spirit, their readiness to risk their lives for the cause. Yet he is not blind to their faults: many of them were incurably emotional, obsessed by a Robin Hood romanticism, and given to bragging about their exploits even if it meant immediate danger for all of them. He presents the Maquis as men who had given up their civilian callings and adapted themselves to a new and difficult life. Not all were able to perform a perfect transformation. As was to be expected, the best under-

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ground workers were often the outcasts, the professional fighters, the tough woodsmen, and those filled only with a violent hatred for the "Boches."

In a way, George Millar's book has a kind of ethnological double-mirror effect. It shows the French Maquis—farmers, soldiers, laborers—as seen through the eyes of an English officer. But Millar is so unprejudiced, so eager to be objective, even under the most trying circumstances, that, after a while, one can't help thinking: this is how it must have been; this is what Boulaya, the inimitable strategist, must have done; this is how Paincheau, the best of all, must have said it in his soft voice. Boulaya and Paincheau emerge as two formidable characters, tougher and more real than all the toughies of the James Cain-Raymond Chandler school. The book is so crowded with courageous exploits, daring raids, last minute escapes, that a less skilled writer easily might have lost sight of his characters and his main thread. George Millar never does. And as the story progresses, he realizes that while he trained and educated the rough amateurs of the resistance they in turn gave him invaluable things, their knowledge of the French woods, their pride in the unconquerable French spirit, and their comradeship and devotion. The one thing the reader might overlook is the fact that Captain Millar is an extremely skillful stylist, a professional writer who seems to be as careful with an adjective as with a phosphorous grenade. His book should be read by everyone who wants to understand not only the French Maquis but the French people.

Run For Your Lives!

THE AIR-CONDITIONED NIGHTMARE. By Henry Miller. Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions Press. 1945. 292 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by PHILIP WYLIE

IN 1919, as Alec Waugh pointed out the other day, Britain began consciously to forget the war. The country was physically intact. An era of profitable trade seemed feasible if only the labor situation could be settled and the strikes stopped. With the four-year "bad show" behind them, Britons did feel that war was getting dangerous and overcostly; they were vaguely interested in a league of nations—not too powerful—and the "outlawry" of weapons that represented hazard to large groups: submarines, bombs, gas. Many returning soldiers felt these attitudes were maniacally selfish and totally inadequate, as it has proved they were. But the reaction of authors and artists, beyond expressions of bitterness and cynicism, was to turn upon Victorianism and to destroy it by every imaginable invention and experiment.

Impressionism, cubism, abstractionism were some, along with demented offshoots; there came to be "great" poets who wrote only with soap, so to speak, and on delicatessen windows, perhaps—pianists who used pillows and tack-hammers as accessories to their fingers—and painters who threw away the brush for burglar's tools. Paris became the center of the "rebellion," Joyce its literary protagonist-in-chief, and *transition* its principal publication. How many more minor geniuses appeared at that time, or what they discovered, or in what obscure journals their tremendous, evanescent pearls were dropped, forms a body of data most accurately remembered, I believe, by Edmund Wilson.

Of course, a few good writers and artists emerged from the peanut-scented nights at the Dome. Some are still operating. And nearly all major liberals were exposed there and at the Cupole, Select, or Dingo to the master-plans of the young men of the 1920's. These included a demonstration that everything American was putrid and everything Victorian, and that only France was fair and free and wonderful. The fortress of virginity was reduced in the name of Freud, whose work was construed to show that inhibition was madness,

rather than as the first step in an assembling of the laws of instinct. Everybody was emancipated and despairful; everybody tried to write something more unprintable and dismal than his predecessors; everybody tried to paint something which would be ripped up with the scissors of smug spinsters who got into the galleys by accident; everybody tried to glom onto an idea nobody else could understand and to go about arguing it as Ultimate Reality; everybody had a swell time.

One of the torch-bearers of that era of hilarity and necrophilia, a man named Henry Miller, author of several books, was driven home some while back, by the approach of war. His home happened to be America. Wherefore, making the best of it, he decided to retravel his native soil, by auto, from coast to coast and border to border, in an attempt to see if it was as bad as he had always suspected and in the hope that maybe it wasn't. An hour or so in Boston confirmed the worst; he wanted to get back at once but the ship's captain wouldn't turn around just for him. That is an historic pity. Henry Miller is the kind of man who knows a little dive in Aix that holds more intelligence, honesty, feeling, emotion, art, truth, and reality than the three-million-odd square miles of God's Country. He has written a book to reveal this, called "The Air-Conditioned Nightmare"—the title of which at once shows his skill at literary nuance—and I am assured by an authority in these matters that "The Nightmare" is becoming the Bible of the new, post-war generation of authors and artists in America—an America which all too closely resembles Mr. Waugh's picture of England in 1919.

So we are going to have to go through it all over again. That is why I say, run for your lives. The British literary and artistic attitudes may have changed; those of Europe may be altogether other; but the sad young men of America are evidently waiting only for boats, passports, and the release of butcher's paper to get back to Paris and start confounding those elders who led them into a futile war—the membership, presumably, of the American Legion. God knows they need confounding. But what failed once will hardly work in our present extremities.

There is more than my friend's warning word anent this coming calamity of callowness and more than example of "The Nightmare." Recently, and for a year, I was editor for what is now Rinehart and Company, Inc. I kept receiving from young gentlemen aspirants—service

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men and 4F's—manuscripts of novels, verses, and *contes* which gave me a dreadful sensation of *déjà vue*. Turgid impressionisms, lambent encounters with sex perversion, alert discoveries of the Negro, horrified findings on the existence and nature of factories, apostolic espousals of cults and geniuses I'd never heard of, exercises

in sadism, soul portraits of the coprophagous and the cannibalistic—all of which seemed dimly familiar, as if I'd read them before.

And, by damn, I had! One of these fierce-eyed and authentically pre-defeated young men told me that all good writing from now on would stem from a book called "So It Doesn't Whistle." This I read forthwith. It is the sort of stuff that used to be regarded as outmoded trash back there at the Dome as early as, say, 1927, though it might have been hot stuff thirty or forty months earlier.

Eleanor Pollock, moreover, a good writer and an intrepid reader, reported to me a few weeks ago that some of the rich backers of the old Jimmy Joyce days are quietly at work again, bringing out, in books as big as atlases, works which from ten to fifty publishers have rejected and which are neither more nor less than the familiar, daffy, black gloat of yesteryear. Soon these sponsors will be back in Paris, ordering absinthe in ten-case lots and designing those big, circular beds so dear to the hearts of our infantilism. Wow *atque* nuts.

It has been my adventure in this world to be present at the inception and prosecution of all manner of searches for freedom, art, truth, and the soul, in the past quarter century. I was baptized a good American, like the rest. With them, I went to France to be re-baptized. With the hardiest, I also went eventually to Russia to be de-baptized. They became Believers of some sort—believers in Da-da or Economic Man; me, I never quite got the call. Moreover, while I was generally there amidst the liberals, libertines, and libertarians, it was in so obscure a capacity that my presence was often not even in the minutes. That situation made my own esthetic status vague, for the Paris-exposed personages became America's intellectuals and self-appointed mentors of art; it was hardly possible to get space to twit them or debate with them; and for a score of years they managed to convey to the public a general notion that their liberalism, and none other, was consonant with intelligence

Now, there is no self-pity in this retrospect. I wrote as I pleased and read what I liked, made money, had fun, and owned a farm in Connecticut—though I quit that nonsense before the Bucks County hegira. What I am getting at is this: it always seemed to me, and sometimes I said, that the whole liberal movement between wars—social, political, artistic, literary, mystic, pagan, what-not—was missing the boat. It constantly distorted human instinct to its immediate, nice purposes — whatever they were, and they were many, varied, and, in the end, hopelessly contradictory. It ignored what was actually and obviously going to happen. It was as sound idealistically as is conservatism biologically—and no more—and without means for reconciliation. Eventually, liberalism became a variety of forms of materialism. Then, three small quantities of uranium were dispersed and Mr. Norman Cousins turned over the face-down, forgotten cards in an excellent essay, "Modern Man is Obsolete."

He meant, of course, that the modern ideology of man has proved to be obsolete. Whether man is, or not, *restat ut videretur*. The reaction of the liberals has been astonishing to themselves, but it was predictable. They have re-espoused the phrases they tried so hard to tramp into the carpet—"moral principles," for example, and "spiritual values." Since they studied man-as-he-is mainly to deplore him, and dwelt so fiercely on what he ought to be, they are now in a poor position to elicit spiritual principle, and mysticism has been the final flight of many. It was that of the late Heywood Broun, which should have warned the truly sincere. It is that of Mr. Evelyn Waugh. And it is, essentially, that of Mr. Miller.

Mr. Miller covered the provinces. He approved of a few writers who have produced nothing I know of, a handful of artists, Biloxi, the Grand Canyon, and the Indians. Inner integrity is the thing, Miller says. America, he finds, is a shambles of ugliness, poverty, money-madness, materialism, violence, and stupidity, where the Negro is deprived of equal rights. There is no symptom of Inner Integrity here. The kind of man Mr. Miller goes for is the man who is fascinated by Tibet. Mr. Miller sounds like a rather wistful guy, at that. And he is emotional: really free, profound, intellectual conversation has on him the effect Shakespeare attributes to bagpipes. (I can practically see the smoke of *jaunes* swirling over the Left Bank sidewalks!) Science, Mr. Miller thinks, never tackles any problems save those it knows it can solve! And Mr. Miller deals with things scientific, like the engine of his car, in a whimsical, anthropomorphic manner—the attitude of an Alice B. Toklas.

His literary style, I would say, has been excelled for sheer strain and surpassed in the intenseness of its mediocrity. And he is a tottering ignoramus. That's the trouble with him and his ilk; that is the reason I look toward another 1920's with a tedious, mordant desuetude. All the old geniuses together established so little that the new generation has no standing criteria by which to recognize its redundancy. So the young are lost again—and this time not even getting a kick out of it. They are not lost dramatically or colorfully—but stalely, under a stale aegis. Their rash is secondary—a manifestation they are too limp and reluctant to have treated, not the honest lesion which sometimes is the price of original exploration.

I would like to caution the able, earnest young against becoming mod-

ern *Précieuses Ridicules*. America has a grip on the scientific method, for one thing—the only kind of integrity man has developed in the last ten thousand years and the one whereby we must stand or fall, since there is no time left in which to discover and develop a parallel subjective integrity for large numbers;

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but if Mr. Miller knew what the quantum mathematicians are thinking about, he might burst his every organ; he and his confreres choose to deny that scientists think at all.

Now, I am sure that the friend who put me on this subject, and gave me Mr. Miller's loose-leaf lamentation, did so not merely because I have quarreled with liberals as much as with conservatives these last twenty years. My friend is a sly fellow. He knows that I am as interested in Tibet as Miller ever was and that I, too, have inveighed against my native land. Perhaps he hoped that I would deplore, as I have done, any Poxy Restoration; perhaps he hoped that I would also find some kind things to say about my country, out of aroused professional rivalry. Alas. Compared to me, Miller is indeed a tourist, a sciolist of the sloughs, and an amateur besides. Where he has found a pimple in America, I've descried a plague of abscesses; where he cites measles, I have pointed to lethal epidemics on every hand. You see, even the things Miller dotes on, such as the Deep South, seem to me to lie beyond the pall.

But there is a greater difference. France, even after its proved futility and corruption, is still Mr. Miller's center of light. He seems to think there are not fifty Americans capable of glimpsing that which is innately recognized and owned by fifty million Frenchmen. I hold, and I have always held, that attitude preposterous. Mr. Miller believes America is the worst nation in history; I deem it, likely, the best. It is history for which I have so little to say. Man, that is.

And there, I opine, Miller and his ilk forever err. They do not know a syllable of science so they have no insight into the small and flickering truths we do for sure possess; they have no understanding of the methodology of science, so they must bat about the earth without reliable techniques—mere guessers, to a man. Furthermore, as "mystics"—as students of the ancient integrities—while they achieve certain intellectual comprehensions, they never trouble to apply them to their own minds or activities.

Thus they recite the venerable rules for attaining peace and perspective without exhibiting a trace of either. They mistake the rebound from their depressed debauches as an experience in the cosmic opposites—and it is one, perhaps, but very superficial, since it can transcend neither the depression nor the exhilaration. They mistake the exultation which derives from purely instinctual conversation or conduct for a personal orientation amidst the archetypes; it is not—it is merely another inflation of the ego, an unselective borrowing of old patterns. They deserve vedantic excommunication; old Lao-Tse would certainly spit in their eye.

Our artists have done no more to redeem us than our bankers, and our liberals not much more. Mystics of Mr. Miller's sort will compound confusion. They are like sea anemones; the tentacles of their minds reach out and sample every particle in range, viable or rotted; they interpret the pressures of chance current as evidence that they are in motion; but they are stuck in one place forever and they are not even flowers.

Ten thousand years of civilization lie in scrap and a temperature of some trillions of degrees threatens to melt the whole mess. We need young men who are determined to learn all that they are able of what is actually known and then to proceed, studying the venerable mysticisms from which religion came, studying instinct, studying Communism as impartially as capitalism and education as detachedly as physical poverty—studying in the manner of those great artists who were also scientists in their day—and passing on whatever new realities they can find, belatedly to rescue man, or at the least to leave some signpost so that any following nasty animals called men will not so savagely despoil each other in the name of Dreaming Big.

That is what we need. Meanwhile, Miller, stay away from my lamp.

New Orleans, with Atmosphere

THOSE OTHER PEOPLE. By Mary King O'Donnell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1946. 342 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE M. PURDY

THE New Orleans of Mrs. O'Donnell's new novel is a place of richly jumbled sights and sounds and varied characters drawn from many levels of the city's life. Her picture of the place does not go deep, and she never seeks to explain just what it is that makes New Orleans tick in so foreign and yet so unmistakably American a fashion. In the end, though, she has given us a personally escorted tour more interesting and more colorful than any outlined in the guidebooks to the Vieux Carré.

The pattern is the grab-bag one that has become familiar in recent fiction. The action is restricted to a single day, and while there is no strict unity of place the story centers in one general neighborhood. There is no sustained plot. Fragmentary episodes in the lives of many characters are presented. The search of Leah Webster, approaching middle age but still attractive, for the sailor she has picked up the night before, binds the lesser narrative threads together. There is a beggar woman called Mea Culpa, assorted Negro families, a professor from the North who has written a book on race problems, Leah's highly respectable realtor brother-in-law, an eligible bachelor who is afraid of thunderstorms, and a host of neighborhood gossips and observers and just plain characters. Stir well and season with good writing and you have quite an acceptable dish.

The viewpoint is generally romantic rather than realistic, but due obeisance is made to preoccupations of the day when a young Negro is beaten by the police for a robbery he has not committed. Throughout, the people are sufficiently plausible and the bits of plot are so neatly carpentered that it is easy to forgive the book's lack of solid drive and power. Perhaps any novel written to this particular formula is bound to seem kaleidoscopic, and its character ephemeral.

Where Mrs. O'Donnell does excel, however, is in evoking the atmosphere of New Orleans—the visual, tactile, olfactory side of the old city's life. Here the author has been consistently successful, and a great many readers will welcome her book for this end will let Leah and her search go hang.

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The Europe We Are Fleeing From

JAMES MARSHALL

A TRIP to Europe today is not as in the good old days before the war, when adjustments and readjustments were easy. Today anyone going to Europe must make two violent adjustments if he has not been across the Atlantic in the course of the war. First, one must adjust to the appalling changes for which even excellent reporting and graphic representation in newspaper pictures and moving pictures have failed to prepare one. And then on returning one must meet the shock of finding that one's own world is no longer quite the same world as that of one's fellow Americans.

When my friends have greeted me they have said politely: "Things must be terrible over there" or "There must be lots of damage" or "You must have seen a lot." Then they turned rapidly to more personal matters. I could not quite make out whether it was indifference or lack of imagination or the assumption that what they had read in newspapers and magazines had told them all there was to know. More probably, this apparent indifference is really proof of the inadequacy of words and also of our tendency to avoid the unpleasant. It emphasizes, it seems to me, the importance of repeating again and again to our people what has happened across the Atlantic and across the Pacific too. If we are not to live in a world of make-believe, we dare not forget the devastation of a large part of our world, a devastation which was in large measure of our own making.

I have just spent seven weeks in four European countries. They vary greatly from one another, but my principal impression is that eight months after the end of the war cold and inadequately fed people are digging themselves out of ruined cities and trying to reëstablish themselves without the proper tools and without reliable means of transportation.

In some ways the most remarkable country which I visited was Belgium. There more than in any of the other countries one has a sense of a strong undercurrent of confidence. There is adequate food in Belgium if you have the price to pay for it, but there are signs of malnutrition even in the country districts. The people everywhere appear to be hard at work and energetic. But it is cold. When I visited the home of a member of the American legation who was fortunate enough to have two oil stoves and two electric heaters, one could still see the breath issuing from one's mouth. The chill of European homes and offices is an ever-present fact today.

One sees things that are impossible to forget and hard to reconcile with our American comfort and security. I saw Bastogne, that little center of resistance in the Ardennes where General McAuliffe replied "Nuts" to the Germans who were surrounding the village and had it under siege for almost two weeks. There is now a McAuliffe Place there and "nuts" is

now part of the local *patois*. I saw schools there that had been bombed, and I met children who had spent eight days in midwinter living in cellars with two feet of snow on the ground outside, and people who had lived in the shadow of the German threat.

What this shadow was and what impression it left upon the people one could see more clearly by visiting the surrounding villages, many of them destroyed in complete ruthlessness to avenge the deaths of Nazis soldiers at the hands of the underground. And one saw too the graves of men of the underground, shot in cold blood by the Germans. In some of these destroyed villages life was frontier life. People lived in cellars, as they do so much in Europe today, or in houses constructed of rubble or in newly-built barracks. You speak to the children in the schools and they tell you stories of fleeing from bombardments into the woods in the midst of winter, of wagon loads of bodies, of their terror that their parents would be taken away or shot. This is in a country which is making a very good recovery.

The most notable thing about Paris is its loss of gaiety. It is not now the great happy vacation city of the world. It is cold. I spent several hours in the Ministry of Education, in the offices of some of the principal school people of France. We all wore scarfs and overcoats. I wished I had had the courage to be rude enough to wear my hat and gloves as well.

The children of France are pale. They get little or no milk even cooked in their food, which is the manner in which the French generally consumed their milk. Their clothes are ragged, their shoes shocking. A damp day keeps fully half of the younger children out of school.

Then one has the picture of the wreckage along the waterfronts of Rouen and Le Havre. Block after block of debris in the main section of Le Havre—the courses of many streets no longer distinguishable—nothing standing except for one statue, a memorial to the dead of 1914-1918.

Having seen all this, one comes to Germany. If one thought one had seen ruin in Belgium and France, one feels that it was small stuff compared to what one saw in the German cities. Mannheim is a city of walls and chimneys and rubble. In Berlin one can drive miles without seeing an undamaged house. There are block after block of burnt-out houses, no roofs, no windows, nothing inside; and in the center of the city those ugly monumental Berlin buildings are now piles of stone, of twisted steel. Nevertheless, three million people live there somehow today. The G.I.'s say, "But you should see Stuttgart or Kassel or Cologne or Nuremberg."

At Potsdam and in Giesen you see the astounding sight of track after track covered with burnt and smashed cars and roundhouses and battered engines—curious monsters sometimes standing on end. All the bridges are down, bridges and engines and freight cars here as in the rest of Europe holding back transportation, delaying recovery.

ALL day long through the German streets one sees people carting wood gathered in the parks and forests, gathered from among the debris, anything to burn. In the Tiergarten, the great park in the center of Berlin, I saw an old woman with a hatchet cutting down a big tree. She would use what she could cut up of it for firewood. The Russians in their sector of Berlin provided the people with forty pounds of coal. There is no other fuel there except the wood that is gathered. People in the Russian sector are glad to have the coal, but they do not know whether that forty pounds is

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supposed to last them for a month or a year.

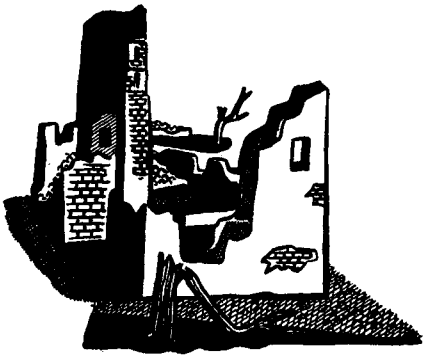
In Germany, too, the food is inadequate. There are plenty of starches, but too little meat and fats—almost no vitamins. "Instead of eight slices of bread we would feel less hungry with two, if we had some fat to go with it," one man said. I recall a little boy whom I asked what he had had for lunch. "Soup," he replied. "What kind of soup?" I asked. His mother had made him soup with Klöss—soup with potato balls—that day, and his eyes shone with joy. It was a treat, he said—it was a good lunch.

Of course I understand that we should not show kindness to our former foes, or even to the children of our former foes, but plagues show no such fine distinctions. Some of the higher officers of our Military Government in Germany are worried about what might happen if a severe epidemic should break out in Germany. We can all recall what the influenza epidemic did even to well-fed Americans during the last war. Furthermore, there is no use talking of re-educating the Germans as long as they are cold and improperly nourished. Their prevailing attention will be given to their discomforts and misery, not to new ideas or attitudes.

In France one felt that the people were beaten and depressed. They had had the shame of defeat and of Vichy, the occupation of their land first by the Germans and then by the Allies. In Germany one felt the people were beaten, full of hatred, and full of uncertainty. Perhaps the most destructive thing was their uncertainty. Then, too, one saw refugees dispossessed from East Prussia and the Sudetenland, trying to find new homes in a ruined land with few possessions but what they had on their backs. Most unhappy of all were the Jews of Poland, refugees from the brutality of those Poles who cannot be controlled by their own government. What a macabre picture it is to witness Jews fleeing to Germany for safety!

WHEN I first came to England I thought that London was a shabby, damaged city. Almost every block shows the sign of a bomb-hit or at least windows and walls cracked by some bomb or a V-1. I would not want to underrate the damage that London suffered. But on returning from the Continent one is impressed by the remarkable job the British have done in cleaning up their wreckage. There were the empty holes, bare walls in places, but no debris.

The effect of this clean-up job upon morale is tremendous. One feels a great lift in talking to the British. One realizes the truth of what people were saying during the war, that the



British won because they did not know they were defeated. One has confidence now that somehow British economy will recover—though probably not to its pre-war position—because the British do not know today that they are bankrupt. "Jerry made a fair mess of it," they say, and their very understatement convinces you that Jerry did make a fair mess of it but that that is not going to stop the British.

They are not going to let a small group of people profit by the nation's misfortune or by the business of reconstructing Britain. That is the meaning of the support for the Labor government. They do not understand America's reluctance to set up its best customer in business again. That is the meaning of the adverse British reaction to the American loan negotiations.

There is no better tipoff to England's approach to her future than that of the British children. They are the healthiest looking children I saw. They look healthier than the children in many of our American cities. The principal reason for this, I believe, is that the British all through the war made a special effort to feed their children well, to give them better rations than the adults. They are doing so today. The school lunches that I saw in London were splendid. The British have made the best of all investments in the future by the care they are giving to their youngsters.

England and Belgium are not living on fantasy today. In large part France and Germany are.

There are certain generalizations which can be made of all the countries on the Continent which I visited. There are sores on the hands and faces of many children and many adults as the result of malnutrition. In a number of places, in Germany in particular, a great many of the older people have bandaged hands because they suffer from chilblains. In each of these countries, too, the children were suffering from terrible memories of the war and nothing was being done about it. The school people I spoke to had no realization of the importance of these psychological problems or of how to handle them.

I found, too, upon my return what seem to me to be strange reactions on the part of Americans to our Allies. The French, the British, and the Russians, especially the Russians, are said to be non-coöperative. The British failed to demobilize the Reichswehr promptly. They have not dismantled the Ruhr. The French have held up unified transportation for Germany and insist upon an independent Rhineland. The Russians have been living off the land and confiscating equipment and pushing Communism. I wonder what we think the Americans have done.

AS a matter of fact, the British have not acted as rapidly as they probably should have in denazifying their zone, in demobilizing the Reichswehr, and dismantling the Ruhr. But several things can be said for the British position. No definite decision has been made by the four powers about reparations, which is involved in the dismantling of the Ruhr. The British believe, and others agree with them, that the economy of central Europe depends upon the production in the Ruhr of peacetime steel requirements. The British point of view has been that the Ruhr will produce better as a part of a unified Germany than it would under the French plan of creating a Rhineland state under four-power domination even though tied up in other ways with the whole German economy.

The French and many of our own and Russian experts take the other view; and the French, with a fine logic, have refused to participate in a unification of German transportation until the Rhineland problem is solved, even though the failure to unify German transportation has prevented them from moving thousands of tons of coal already mined in the Saar region.

The Russians have been at times brutal; they have lived off the land, but the fact remains that of all the areas of Germany the Russian zone is the one in which the highest percentage of factories is now in operation and in which the German people themselves have received coal for their household use. The important thing to remember, too, is that the British, French, and Russians are in Germany to see the thing through.

But what can we say? We have some splendid technicians in Germany in various fields. We have good will. Our boys are rather easy to get along with. But the fact remains that we have not got industry started and that we have no definite economic plan of our own for Germany. I was told by a most reliable authority that as late as last October there was no one in our State Department who had made a

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thorough study of German economy and no plan of our State Department for the eventual set-up of German economy.

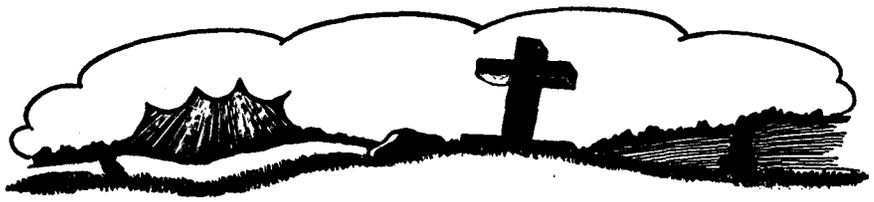
We complain of the arbitrary position of the Russians at the September meeting of the foreign ministers in London and of French and British obstinacy. But we ought to know of our own obstinacies, as, for example, our refusal to discuss currency stabilization at the Emergency Economic Commission for Europe—and currency stabilization is essential if trade is to be resumed between the nations of the world.

Above all, however, the flight of our army, the stampede for home, has been our greatest weakness. It makes planning impossible, it makes respect for America small. Is the United States going to run out on Europe and on the affairs of the world as it did in 1919? In the maintenance of peace, second only to good relations is prestige. American prestige is dropping fast. The American people ought to know this. They ought to realize that we cannot occupy a respected place in the council of nations if we continue to give the impression that we are running out on the job.

This does not mean that men who have served overseas a long time should not be returned home. It does mean, however, two definite and publicized programs—first the replacement of occupation troops, and second the prompt mobilization of a corps of civilians to guide the German authorities in our zone and to confer with their opposite numbers of the other occupying powers.

Things in Europe will just not take care of themselves. If we want a strong voice in the settlement of world affairs, if we desire to be respected, if we want to use our great power in the world today in the most economical manner, then we must face our responsibilities in Europe better than we have. We cannot protest against British or French obstinacy over the Rhineland without a plan of our own for the revival of German economy on some basis. It is true the Treasury Department has fathered the so-called Morgenthau plan to de-industrialize Germany, but neither the Army nor the State Department has accepted such a program. No one in Europe whom I met thinks that such a plan would do anything but hold down the economic standard, not just of Germany, but of all central Europe and France as well.

Finally, we cannot complain of the communization of Germany, if that should develop—and it has by no means yet developed—if we leave an ideological void. If we wish to present our American idea of democracy to the Germans, we have to be on the



ground showing people what we mean by democracy, providing them with opportunities for democratic experiences, going through the long process of training teachers in democratic classroom methods and spending as many years in guidance and supervision of Germany as the other powers do.

We cannot reëducate Germans by speeches in Congress and a phantom army of occupation. Nor can we teach Germans to respect our American ways by the shocking demoralization of our black marketeering in Berlin.

There are unpleasant things to be done to settle the world after these modern wars, unpleasant things that require doing to avoid new anxieties leading to new aggression, just as there are unpleasant things to be endured in winning wars. The sooner we Americans lift up our heads and look the cold, hungry, ragged, homeless people of the world in the face, the fewer odious tasks will be before us later.

The sooner we stem the flight of our minds and our men from Europe, and the sooner we sit down with the other powers and adopt an economic policy for Germany, the greater will be our assurrance that we shall not have to go through it all a third time, or ourselves endure worse.

"That Greece Might Still Be Free"

By Jeremy Ingalls

UPON his deathbed hurricane uphowled
The hundred winds of doom. Heaven's lightning, hurled
By justice taut with poetry, beheld
Of tawdry soldiers terror-dumb and quelled
To knowledge shrewder than the mind's uncouth
And lesser logic, struck their tongues on truth.
They said: "Farewell, Lord Byron. He is dead."

Tonight who calls Lord Byron? He is dead.
They knew, the shivering watchers. They had heard
No proclamation, had not known him lain
Moaning for sleep with that penultimate pain
Of his forlorn assertion, that long cry
Of waiting more than thirty years to die:
"Io lascio qualche cosa cara . . ." Something treasured.

Tonight who calls Lord Byron? Something treasured
He leaves for testament, this Manfred measured
For room in hell, who conned the stations down
Predestined cliffs of crime. Shall Manfred mourn
For life at last? And is it hard to die?
In jest of Faustian torment shall the sky
Forerun the doctors? Storm on Hellas. He is dead.

Tonight who calls Lord Byron? Shall the dead
Boys and satin women of his pride
Rise up from hell to damn him? Or the horde
Of grumbling Suliotes and the tribe
Of all disheartened freemen plead his cause?
Judgment of storm as though his dreaded laws
Succumbed to analogue of his lost soul?

Tonight who calls Lord Byron? Does his soul
Through wind and fire of condemnation prowl
Repentant, having known himself a fool
And damned himself? The dead indeed fare well
Forgotten. Out of Missolonghi's marsh
A limping ghost, denied oblivion's harsh
Convenience, stumbles, searching. Something treasured.

Tag him for lesser logic's sake. He treasured
A daughter. But his rabble soldiers augured
A testament of lightning. And the child
Begotten out of Missolonghi, chilled
And mourning in the marshes of the world,
Wanders lost. A young man's ghost recalled
Across the years of hunger. Something treasured.

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Strictly Personal

LESSON IN A LIBERAL COLLEGE EDUCATION

BEFORE I went to college I knew I wanted to be a writer. I didn't know where to go to be taught how to write. And I didn't have my choice anyway when it came to selecting a college or university. I had to take what I could get. I couldn't choose. I had to find a college that would have me because I had less than thirty dollars in my pocket and was on the road hitchhiking. After being turned down by a couple of colleges, I found one in the mountains of East Tennessee that took me and I took it. I was so glad to find a school that would have me that I didn't inquire too much about the English department. I thought English faculties were all very good anyway. If the teachers were willing to teach, I was certainly eager to learn. I was about ready to do anything to become a writer, my one and only ambition at that time.

The English teacher who interested me most on the Lincoln Memorial English faculty was a big, ruddy-complexioned man. His name was Harry Harrison Kroll. He looked a little out of place with the other members of the English faculty. He looked to me like some of the men I had just left at the steel mills. Yet he didn't look like them, for he had more color in his face than any of the steel-mill men. With this color in his face he looked more like a farmer. Several students in my class thought he looked like a prize fighter. Many wondered if he were all brawn and didn't have anything in his head. Certainly the majority of the English students thought he looked out of place at the head of the English department.

I had liked Mr. Kroll's looks before I ever attended one of his classes. And after I attended one of his classes, I went back to the registrar's office to see if I could take another course under him. I was impressed with this man who made the teaching of English a living thing. And one day when he inquired in our English course if anybody would be interested in creative writing, I think my hand was the first one up. But almost every hand in the room went up. He didn't have any trouble getting together a class that he would like to teach, for the idea of writing seemed great to most of the mountaineers in this school. The idea may have been a romantic one that appealed to them. I know it was the greatest thing that had ever happened to me. Strange, too, how it had all happened. I had hitchhiked over three hundred miles and found this school, one that I had never heard tell of until I reached Berea College, where I was seeking admission but failed. And here I had arrived all right and I had not questioned the English department, for I was eager and hungry for any sort of one that

would teach me something about the Mother Tongue. And I had found a teacher, a sympathetic one, in Mr. Harry Harrison Kroll. Other students had found the same thing. We worshiped this big husky man.

Mr. Kroll, who was ambitious to write himself and who was selling little stories to small magazines to supplement his meager salary, found himself surrounded by approximately forty ambitious students ranging in age from sixteen to sixty-five. He let us write anything we wanted to write —poems, short stories, novels (if one were ambitious enough), farm articles, plays, essays, letters, diaries, articles on religion (there was a young minister in the class), and any other form of writing that came to mind. I can't remember anybody's being very modest in Mr. Kroll's creative writing class. Since everybody was eager to read his own creative efforts, an hour in this earthly paradise was too short a time. But Mr. Kroll solved this problem. He took time from his own classroom work and his own writing and met with this class in a vacant classroom at night. Often in the warm days of spring we sat out at night on the campus and read by a street light. It didn't matter to us.

I remember when Mr. Kroll told me that poetry was my field and for me to "go after it." And when he once told me to bring two or more poems to the class, I went with sixty poems and felt a little hurt when I didn't get to read all of them. Creative writing, under this teacher and in this little school, was like many a religious revival I had seen sweep my own mountain vicinity. Everybody was willing and eager since the spirit seemed to move him. I have never in my lifetime seen anything like it. Mr. Kroll told us if we had just a little talent and worked hard enough at it, we could become writers. I did hundreds of poems, and scores of articles on various subjects. A few of these I traded to other pupils for algebra help, that is, provided the pupils didn't have an English class under Mr. Kroll. For he had read them before and he never forgot. In later years I sold a few of these pieces to students in institutions of higher learning for paltry sums. One of these pieces, after many revisions, I later sold to the *Atlantic Monthly* for a short story. I sold one to *Harper's*, one to the *American Mercury*, two to the *New Republic*, and two to *Esquire*. But I didn't know then that they were short stories. And Mr. Kroll didn't encourage me along the short story line. He told me my field was poetry and I believed him while I was going through the fervor of this creative writing revival that had swept the campus at Lincoln Memorial. Even one of the long poems I read in this class, many years later, sold to the *Yale Review*.

We filled the college paper with our creative efforts. We swept into the waste-paper basket all the idle college gossip and chatter that the average college student loves so well and filled the paper with timely articles on writing, authors, current literature, poetry, and short stories. Even this wasn't enough. Mr. Kroll finally persuaded the school to finance a small magazine for our creative work. He did the illustrations, as he later illustrated his own books, but he didn't take any of our space for his own writing. He remained in the background and let us have the show. For he had other things in mind.

But despite all this creative spirit,

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and I was certainly one of the most spiritual students, I found myself a back number in the class. I don't know whether I could have been classed as the one at the bottom of the class, if there had been any way to measure creative work with exactness, but I was nearly on the bottom. The only way I could get a poem published was to have myself nominated for editor of the paper and after being turned down by a vote of the student body time after time, I was finally selected by the faculty. And the first thing I did was to publish one of my poems on the front page, and I used my name, not a "pen name," and ordered sixty extra copies of the paper at the school's expense and sent them out to my friends to show what I was doing. I carefully marked the poem on each copy. And it did me more good to see my first poem in print and to see my name to a poem than it has in later years to make the best quality magazines in America, England, and Ireland. The publication of that poem did me more good than to have my first book accepted.

While I was maneuvering to become an editor of the paper so I could get a poem published, other pupils in Harry Harrison Kroll's Creative Writing Class—it became the best known class on the campus—started selling articles to farm journals, small magazines, and a few large magazines.

There wasn't any let-up to the spirit of its members. As time passed they grew more and more ambitious, the fervor fanned into flame, for the little checks were something to the needy students. Seeing their names in magazines made them as proud as I had been to see my name in the college paper.

But what I wanted to hear most of all for just one time was that I was one "of the more promising young writers of Harry Harrison Kroll's Creative Writing Class." If this had been said it would have been sweet music to my ears. If these words were ever said, they were never spoken directly to me nor did the sweet evening breeze of the college campus ever drift them to my ears from any unseen lips. For as we walked over the campus, I heard so often of this student or that one spoken of as "the creative genius." I heard it so much that I went to the dictionary to get the different shades of meaning of the word "genius." Everyone was speaking of the fine poetry Louella Mason was writing. And they spoke in "glowing terms" of her short stories. Often I wished she was out of the class so someone else would have a chance.

While we were rejoicing with our creative work, we didn't know what Mr. Kroll was doing when we could see his lights burning past midnight, but we soon found out. While he was head of the English Department at L.M.U. he wrote his first novel. He had sold his first short story for two dollars to a small farm journal at the age of twenty-nine and now in his early thirties he had his first novel, "The Mountainy Singer," accepted.

After this acceptance he walked proudly in the wind and we rejoiced with him, for when our teacher did the things he told us we could do, we knew he was a great writer all right. Besides he was the first teacher in the English department of this school ever to write a novel while he was teaching at Lincoln Memorial. Our faith for this man was unbounded. When any student in one of the other English classes who didn't get in one of his classes criticized him, we would tell the student he was just jealous. If he made uncomplimentary remarks about Mr. Kroll he would have had one of us to fight. And we had some rugged men among us who wanted to be writers instead of football players.

When "The Mountainy Singer" was published, something happened that we students with our faith in Mr. Kroll couldn't help. It didn't come from pupils who were jealous because they didn't get in the Creative Writing Class either. It came from the faculty. Not just the English faculty, but from the majority of the teachers of the school. Especially all the women, who started talking. The woman who started most of the talk was a Ph.D.—we called her Doc—who had never married and was well past her fifties. She said there was entirely too much kissing in this book and that it was "just plain sexy." Men on the campus said it made them love their wives more when they read it. Such tales got started and soon they were whispered among the students. One male faculty member tore his copy of the book in two and laid both ends in the fire. But before Mr. Kroll was thrown out of the school because of "his lascivious writing" he had another novel, "The Cabin in the Cotton," accepted and it sold to the movies. Then we knew Harry Harrison Kroll, our teacher, was right and everybody who opposed him was wrong.

NEVER have I seen a group of students so loyal to a teacher, or fight so hard for him to stay. When he was ousted anyway by the powers that were, many of us shed tears. But he had to go. He was a writer and he was a little too liberal, and he wrote a little too realistically for a few of the old maids. He was on his way to a new place, which had been hard to find after his difficulties with this school. For he, when they started to fire him, almost got the chancellor fired. It was a battle royal and Kroll fought to the end but lost. We fought for him, but who were we? We were pupils the school didn't have to have, for we certainly didn't help it any with our finances. Nearly every one of us worked the biggest part or all of his expenses.

(*Continued on page* 55)

"Have you ever considered going back into the service?"

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WHAT BECOMES OF FIRST NOVELISTS?

WHETHER an author does his best work at the beginning, the middle, or the end of his career may mean a lot to the author, the student, and the critic (particularly to the author), but it need be of little concern to the reader. It need concern the reader even less if the author is dead—and less and less the longer he has been dead. Bret Harte's career was a study in retrogression following the epochal success of his first book, "The Luck of Roaring Camp," but people read "The Luck" today with no awareness of its temporal position in the long roster of Harte's productions.

A glance at the timetable of contemporary novelists provides some interesting examples of what becomes of first novelists. They fall into four groups. Least numerous are those whose first novels were conspicuous, even fantastic, successes and who have never done anything else. H. L. Davis won the 1935 Pulitzer Prize with "Honey in the Horn"; he was not heard from again until 1942, when he published "Proud Riders," a volume of poetry which the *SRL* called "a distinguished collection." Humphrey Cobb's "Paths of Glory" was another sensation of 1935; Cobb died in 1944 without his name's having adorned another title-page. Margaret Mitchell has flatly declared that she will not write another book. She has kept her vow for ten years, and one would imagine that the first ten years would be the hardest.

It has been said too often that almost every man (or woman) contains the germ of one novel, one vital experience or contest with fate or woman (or man) with which he or she is obsessed. If the writer is sufficiently creative or his obsession broad enough for more than one dramatic interpretation, he may be a man of one idea but many books. All of his work will then follow the pattern of his first. For a writer so endowed, or so cursed, it is far better that his first book should not be too great a success, for if he can continue to write with the same ardor he can eventually master his theme and reach fame, however limited, later in his life. There are thus two species of one-book novelists, those who, having nothing more to say, die on the branch almost unknown, and those who have succeeded so conspicuously that they do not dare to try their fortune again. No one need waste pity on some of them, for their reputation will last for a long time, and Hollywood waits for them with open arms.

The most numerous group of the four, happily, is that whose members have not only written second, third, fourth, and even fifth novels, but have made them better novels than their first. Clyde Brion Davis's "The Anointed" was a good story, but not so good as "The Great American Novel" or, perhaps, "The Rebellion of Leo McGuire." In the same group are John O'Hara, Mary Ellen Chase, Louis Zara, and James Street, among others.

The third group comprises writers whose work (always allowing for the operation of the principle of *de gustibus*) maintains the substantial level of their first books without, perhaps, exceeding it. James M. Cain's "The Postman Always Rings Twice" rang a thundering gong itself in 1934, but might not "Serenade" or "Three of a Kind" (containing the grim "Double Indemnity") have won comparable réclame had either been a first book? "The Turning Wheels" is the least forgettable Stuart Cloete title; "Watch for the Dawn," "Yesterday Is Dead," and "Congo Song" are as good books, even though the titles may not spring instantly to mind. Taylor Caldwell's "Dynasty of Death" initiated a book-a-year sequence that has maintained a consistent literary level.

There remain those writers who have kept on producing books (usually not voluminously) but have never reached the peaks attained in their original efforts. There is no point in naming them here—again one may plead *de gustibus*. Here today's reader may regret that the heights reached at the start were not kept. But tomorrow's reader (a tomorrow either of 1946 or of 1964) need not be concerned, provided the original accomplishment proves durable.

It is best all around, of course, for a first novel to be good and for all that come after it to be good too. That consummation is not achieved as often as author or reader would like to have it, but it is achieved often enough to keep the level of contemporary fiction reasonably high, and to provide a succession of "tales to hold children from play, and old men from the chimney corner."

J. T. W.

To An Old Love

By Ellen Marsh

A COCK crows . . . from where?
Warm days are coming.
A forgotten voice sings
In the air.
There is a humming
In my head
And my heart has broken wings.
Something says: Go back. . .

My love died in Spain
Fighting his brothers,
Lost track in Marseilles
Went blind in a cell
Took poison in Prague
Was drowned in the Spree
Was murdered with others
On a commonplace day.
Dear love,
Sleep well.
My tears are not new
(I died with thee).

Summer is coming—
I sense thunder
In my heart's own drumming.
I shall walk through ashes and smoke
And perhaps discover a truth under
The enormous lying
To tell a bitter child
Betrayed.
The world has learned too well
The lesson in disregard
For death and dying.
Anger, however wild,
Will fade,
Life wanes and grows.
But only God knows
How my love
Shall rise again
And when.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Reviewords

SIR: If I'm not being too dreamingful,
Can't they all stop using "meaningful"?
(Rev.) JOHN K. RYAN.

Washington, D. C.

The Head Is Bowed

SIR: In connection with your Literary I.Q. in the issue of January 19, you say:

> Allowing five points for each correct answer (to each of *ten* questions!—F. M.), a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent.

My soul is sore offended when
I plough through numbers one to ten,
And find my score, though perfect, far
Below what you consider par.
I love thee, *Saturday Review*,
But, prithee, what is *your* I.Q.?
FRAN MARTIN.

Norfolk, Va.

Mississippi River Panoramas

SIR: I am preparing a detailed account of the five great moving panoramas of the Mississippi River painted during the 1840's by John Banvard, John Rowson Smith, Henry Lewis, Samuel Stockwell, and Leon Pomarede. For any information your readers can give me of these men, their panoramas, or other work I shall be very grateful. I am particularly interested in finding out what eventually happened to these huge canvases and hope that the present location of one or more of them can be established.

JOHN FRANCIS MCDERMOTT.
Washington University,
St. Louis, Mo.

N. C. or N. C.?

SIR: The following two sentences from "Summary and Report" in the January 1946 issue of *College English* (p. 232) should probably be labelled "The Normans—1066 and All That":

> Two essays which have appeared recently and caused much discussion are "Einstein's Atomic Bomb," in the November *Atlantic*, and Norman Corwin's [*sic*] editorial, "Modern Man Is Obsolete," in *The Saturday Review of Literature*. Corwin's [*sic*] editorial, much expanded, has already been reprinted in book form and is readily available.

Incidentally, both Normans were mentioned at the recent meeting of the Modern Language Association in Chicago—and referred to correctly, thanks apparently to *Wissenschaft*. Chaucerian Scholar Professor F. N. Robinson referred to Norman *Cousins's* editorial in his presidential address, and Anglo-Saxon Scholar Professor William Mathews to Norman *Corwin's* radio dramas in a contemporary literature section. Can it be that a knowledge of Old or Middle English is necessary for keeping one's Normans straight?

R. C. WILLIAMS, S. J.
Omaha, Neb.

"Keep it out of the sun, please!"

Pillow Cases

SIR: Apropos Mr. Berkelman's information (*SRL* Dec. 29) that "likewise Goethe . . . dreamed lyrics and recorded them in the morning":

We often hear that authors are
Inspired by their dreams;
And I can say that in that way
I, too, have welcomed themes.
The reason I don't write them down
Is not because I'm lazy:
I wake to see—oh, perfectly—
My Big Ideas are crazy.

The brilliance of a thought by night
Sometimes electrifies me.
Ah, *this*, I think, the while I blink,
Will quite immortalize me.
But lyrics made in dreamland fade
At daybreak, line by line;
Their rhyme is merely assonance—
Their reason, asinine.

Subconsciously I have composed
The epoch-making novel—
That long-awaited gift of fate
To make the critics grovel.
But masterpieces of the night
By Morpheus begotten,
Don't sound so right in broad daylight—
All mine are simply rotten.

L. G.

Vinalhaven, Me.

The Countercheck Quarrelsome

SIR: The dynamistic and co-integrated impact upon our quasi-plasticene mentalities of Max Lerner's "The Dozing American Tradition" in your 12 January issue was quintessentially instrumental rather than semantically traditionalistic. As Jacques Jonquil put it with archetypal Ovidian dynamism, "Lerner sends us."

Not in all the serried panoply of the spiritual inheritors of dynamic Latinism, from Rosinante and Belisarius the Younger through McPherson and Cerf to the windmill-tilting "organismic romanticism" of the Oconomowoc (Wisc.) Ecole, has been assembled in a single dynamic typothetarium so overpowering an evocation of symbolic organicism in the true Hellenistic tradition.

Coming to the apostle of American dynamism even with the enveloping humbleness of Krishvitkini when he said, "Master, I am a man who knows more than he understands," we failed to follow symbolismic ingenuity, much less pride-ridden antiquarianism, through the tortuous, twisting, winding, likewise maze-like and also labyrinthine meanderings of Lerner's monumental adjectivalism and ism-mania.

Schluetzeneffer put it simply, although he was thinking of something else. "I don't get it," he said, dynamically. And in the more puissant sesquipedalia of Durante, as interpreted by the imperative dynamicism of Toots Shor: "Nuts to Lerner."

LOIS H. WARFIELD.
PERRY C. HILL, JR.
San Francisco, Calif.

"The Challenged Land"

SIR: The accusation is often made that contemporary reviewers, instead of giving a fair appraisal of a book's intrinsic worth and purpose, vent their personal spleen. That criticism seems especially justified in the case of Carleton Beals's review of Betty

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de Sherbinin's "The Challenged Land" in your issue of January 19.

Mr. Beals attacks the characterizations because they do not represent heroic figures. He seems to think Miss de Sherbinin has failed in her craft because her characters failed in their attempted revolution. But, after all, the weakness of the conspirators was the very fact which the author intended to convey. It is this weakness which explains why Perón's government is still in power in the Argentine. Nor should we overlook the beam in our own eye: do we not still have our Hagues and Rankins? These men certainly do not represent the best in their states, and yet the reformers, the men and women of good will, have been unable to unseat them.

Miss de Sherbinin has, in my opinion, written a novel which points up the difficulty of reform in any country: the distaste of honest people for the corruption of politics, and each man's fear that he may find himself alone, deserted by his fellows, if he dares to expose himself.

To defend each of Miss de Sherbinin's characters from Mr. Beals's attacks would take more of your space than I can expect. I can only hope that many of your readers may be inclined to find out for themselves from how many angles the book could have been praised.

EUGENIA M. FROST.

Palo Alto, Calif.

"Art Was Given for This"

SIR: "I never read novels." Being easily abashed I have received in silence this statement, which is usually delivered in tones of cold rebuke to an inveterate novel reader like myself. It has often inspired in me the horrified reflection, "What, he's never read 'War and Peace'?" But on second thought the situation is even more puzzling than that. If the person who makes this statement has gone through high school, let alone college, he must have had to read dozens of the world's finest novels. In heaven's name, how can he patronize them? Is it possible that he has forgotten the joy, the keen sense of living, experienced sometimes more fully in reading about a situation than in actually living it?

For reading the great novels is not escape from life, it is not living at second hand, since reacting to a work of art is a first-hand experience.

But if a man choose to read purely for information, even then he can hardly afford to ignore the novelist. Suppose for instance that he wants to have a knowledge of English history—can he get it better from the historians and biographers of the period than from reading Dickens and Thackeray and Kipling? I do not think so, and the teaching of history is now broadening to include, besides the actual occurrences of an era, something of the feeling of living in that time and place, the customs, clothes, speech, manners, the relations between people and between classes. These things have always been the stuff that novelists work with.

There is still another reason for reading novels. Browning said it in "Fra Lippo Lippi," although he said it, of course, about the art of the painter:

We are made so that we love
First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;
And so they are better painted—better for us,
Which is the same thing. Art was given for this.

I don't know why it is that one gets more insight into one's own life by reading someone else's account of still another person, but I know that one does.

EDITH E. PHILLIPS.

New York, N. Y.

Brave New World

SIR: Who will be the first to open a new business for which the need has accumulated during the war years? Slip cases for rare books never were in such demand. These cases should be made of the new plastic, should be one-piece to slip over a book, light weight and no labels required because of the transparency. In fact the entire book, in the case, would be visible. Cigar and candy boxes made of transparent plastic are already on the market, which is evidence that the process is not expensive.

FLODDEN W. HERON.

San Francisco, Calif.

What Ailed Kipling?

SIR: I feel that the review of Kipling's biography in the January 19 issue should have attributed some of Kipling's attitude in later life to the King's failure to knight him. It is also believed in certain quarters that Kipling expected to be made poet laureate.

OTIS FITCHETT.

Caldwell, N. J.

"Shall," 1546 Style

SIR: *Re* the controversy as to "shall" or "will," herewith (from John Heywood's "Proverbes," 1546):

He that will not when he may,
When he would he shall have nay.

What puzzles me is, should the couplet be filed under philosophy, rhetoric, or just plain chagrin?

A. S. FROHMAN.

Portland, Ore.

F. D. R. as Speaker

SIR: I am engaged in writing a specialized book on Franklin D. Roosevelt as a speaker. Can your readers help me by sending me their answers to any of the following questions:

1. What speakers did F.D.R. especially admire? What ones did he most regularly hear? What were his reactions to them?

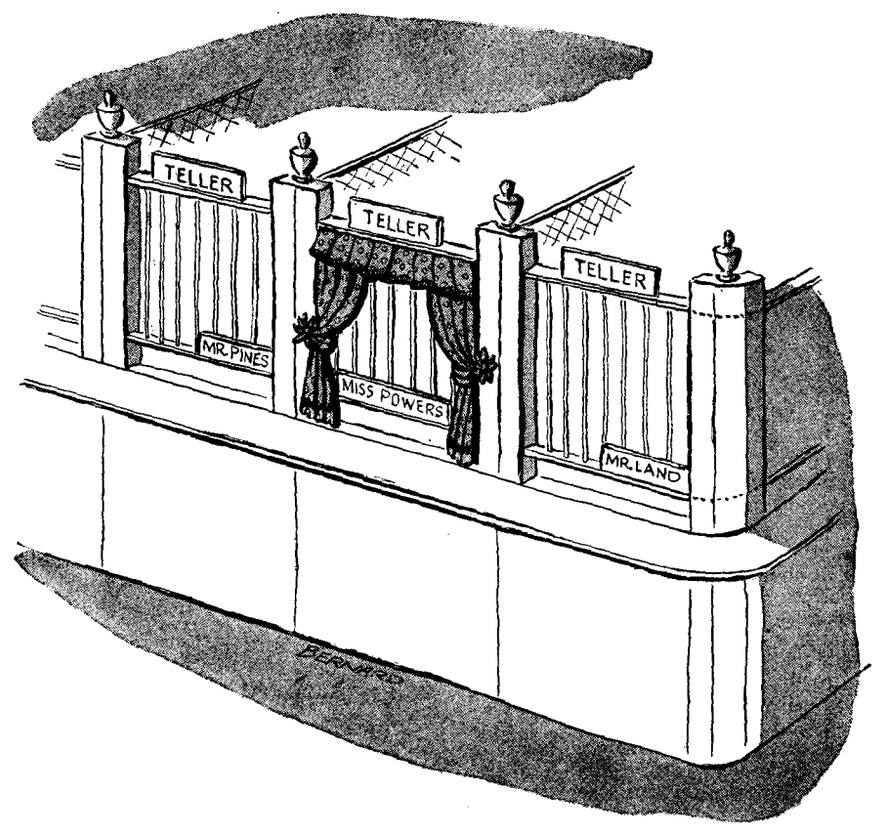
2. What reactions did you observe or experience to F.D.R.'s speaking during his campaigns for the State Senate? In the Senate sessions? While he was in the Navy Department? During his Vice-Presidential campaign? While he was Governor? In any of the Democratic National Conventions? To any specific speech during his tenure as President, or during a Presidential campaign?

3. What do you know positively about his speech preparation?

4. What stories, true or apocryphal, do you know about his speaking and the reactions to it?

ROBERT T. OLIVER.

School of Speech and Dramatic Art,
Syracuse University,
Syracuse, N. Y.



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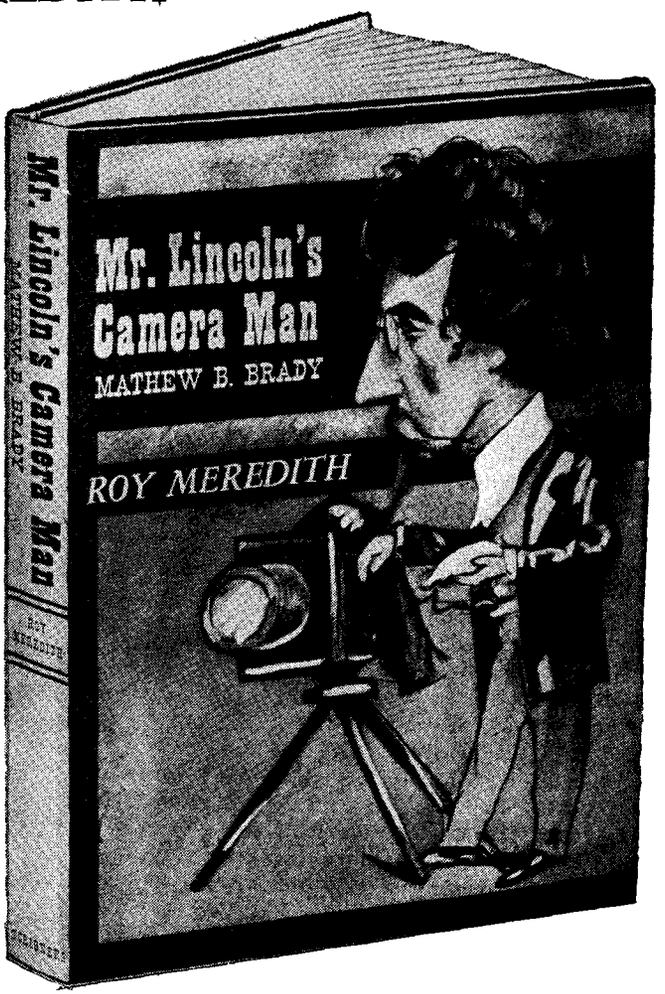

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

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TRADE Winds

A PUBLISHER WHO likes to torture himself spent a rueful hour the other day with a stubby pencil, a scratch pad, and a Wall Street stock record, figuring all the money he could have made in the past four years in securities of corporations closely connected with his own field of endeavor. Generally speaking, magazine stocks hit their lows early in 1942, when the public decided that wartime economy would eliminate advertising if it didn't necessitate suspension of publication altogether. Of course, the public proved fantastically wrong, and Curtis Publishing Company common, which went begging at less than fifty cents a share four years ago, is at this writing $24; Time, Inc., has risen from $19 to $112; Esquire has gone from $2 to $18. Stock of the American News Company, which derives a great part of its revenue from magazine distribution, has quadrupled in value. Current prices are not necessarily excessive; plenty of statisticians expect them to double before the boom explodes. It was the 1942 valuations that were ridiculous. . . .

ODDLY ENOUGH, insiders seem to have profited least by the market's gyrations. Executives of both Curtis and American News have assured me dolefully that they missed the explosive move in their companies' stocks entirely. The real hauls were made by those strange characters whose contribution to the country's economy consists of sitting in brokerage offices from ten to three, trading in stocks they know only as symbols on a tape, and screaming against any proposed legislation, regardless of merit, that might depress market quotations for a week or two. To make matters easier for these speculators, the capital gains tax law allows them to keep seventy-five percent of their profits on any stocks they have held for six months or longer. There is reason to believe that the minimum will soon be raised to a year (although opponents to this change keep pointing to Great Britain, which doesn't tax capital gains at all), but even then the stock trader has a picnic in contrast to the author who, after possibly years of fruitless endeavor, suddenly hits the jackpot and then has to pay anywhere from half to three-quarters of his entire take in taxes.

Creative artists, actors, and professional men haven't got organized lobbies to wangle tax concessions comparable to those given big businesses of all descriptions. It's time, however, that more consideration be given to an author who may have slaved ten years to produce one sweeping success, or an actress who may make many thousands in a few years, but faces comparative oblivion when her greatest assets begin to be less compelling in a one-piece bathing suit. . . .

GOSSIPS IN PUBLISHERS' ROW will tell you that Pocket Books will soon sponsor a new line, priced at a dollar, in a format similar to the Willkie and Bob Hope books. . . . that M. K. Fisher's future books will be published by Viking, while her husband, Donald Friede, completes a novel for Houghton Mifflin. . . . that the American Dental Association has ordered three hundred copies of "Deep Are the Roots." . . . that the author of Messner's forthcoming "New Science of Surgery" bears the scarcely-appropriate name of "Dr. Slaughter." . . . that Bernadine Kielty will do a monthly literary gossip column for the *Ladies' Home Journal*. . . . that Alfred Harcourt, now living in Santa Barbara, will return to his Eastern haunts in less time than it takes to tell. . . . and that Jack Goodman will refrain modestly from signing his name to a regular stint he has undertaken for *Pageant*. His department will be called "Some of the People," taken, he claims, from the idle comment of a friend: "Jack, you can fool some of the people all of the time—and you're one of them." . . .

THE OTHER EVENING I got around to reading John Marquand's "Repent in Haste." Written in a deceivingly simple style, this little book is an epitome of wartime marriages that we see cracking up on all sides of us. Their only basis, of course, was mutual loneliness, and a sudden urge of sex—no background, no substance, no love. Marquand, one of our great living craftsmen, gets it all into about one-sixth the number of words it would take the ordinary scribbler. The scenes Marquand describes, the language the naval fliers used, all seemed strangely remote already. I remembered what a reviewer had told me a few nights before: "Books about World War Two seem as unreal and apart from me as stories about the last one. I picked up Faulkner's 'Soldiers' Pay' to make sure. Then I looked into Wakeman's 'Shore Leave.' They gave me the same sense of some distant past." . . .

SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S latest novel, "Then and Now," will be the June selection of the Literary Guild, the fifth of his books to be accorded this distinction. (The others were "Theatre," "The Summing Up," "Christmas Holiday," and "The Razor's Edge.") Nobody is doing backflips for joy over Mr. Maugham's new title, but there's always the chance he'll change it at the last

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moment. He told Fanny Butcher that the original title of "Of Human Bondage" was "Beauty in Truth." "Of Human Bondage" came to mind only when he was making final corrections of the galley proofs. He has presented the original manuscript of that superb book, incidentally, sixteen notebooks in longhand, to the Library of Congress. . . .

The April dual selection by the Book-of-the-Month Club of Jim Corbett's book about man-eating tigers in Kumaon and Mary Ward's "The Snake Pit" suggests that for that one month at least it be known as the Frank-Buck-of-the-Month Club. . . . Dan Golenpaul, czar of "Information Please," is dreaming up an almanac, to be edited by John Kieran and an imposing list of advisers, designed to give "The World Almanac" a run for its money. Several publishers are angling for the distribution rights. . . .

ALFRED KNOPF HAS prepared a brochure on the twelve books from Latin America that were rounded up by his resourceful wife Blanche on her visit to those parts in 1942. . . . There is a printed card on my desk from a writer named Robert Marko proclaiming, "Blessed event! Announcing the arrival of a four pound telephone delivered at 1781 Orchid Avenue, Hollywood, and baptized Gladstone 8795." . . .

Robert Service is back in France, at work on the concluding volume of his autobiography, which he threatens to call "The Blue-Behinded Ape." In New York in December he granted only three interviews, one to the *World Telegram*, one to *The Hobo News*, and one to *The New Yorker*. "Did you think of your title at one of those interviews?" he was asked. "I can see you don't know your Baudelaire," answered Service. . . . A trio of impressive souls entered the office of Louise Bonino, the juvenile expert, with a ghost-written publishing project in hand. "I am the agent," announced one of them. "This is the author, and this is the man who wrote the book." . . .

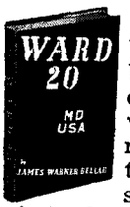
Until recently, Mr. Winston Churchill had a son-in-law whom he simply could not abide. The young man was acutely aware of the situation, and never ceased trying to correct it. His efforts got him nowhere. At one large formal dinner, for instance, at the Churchill country estate, he suddenly remarked, apropos of nothing, "Sir, who do you think will go down in history as the greatest statesman of this age?" "Mussolini," said Mr. Churchill without hesitation. Everybody was startled, of course, and the young man gasped, "No! Why Mussolini?" "It's very simple," said Mr. Churchill, puffing placidly on his cigar. "He's the only one of us who had sense enough to shoot his son-in-law."

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

I AM so many columns ahead now due to a new *Saturday Review* deadline, that I am late in answering Mr. Cerf's remark in the Jan. 19 "Trade Winds." He explains how I disagree with Henry Holt over the sale of war books. I said such sales were falling off and were cold turkey now. Holt doesn't think so. Perhaps the popularity of Bill Mauldin and Ernie Pyle has something to do with Holt's opinion. The success of our own **Soldier of Democracy** does not influence my opinion. In two years, who knows, but war books are cold turkey now.

* * * * *



Ward Twenty by JAMES WARNER BELLAH (not a war book) is one of those slices of life that people with a weak sense of reality cannot choke down. It's like the sort of painting that some people see and admit is shockingly powerful, but they wouldn't want to hang it over the mantel.

In school we used to take three things into account when considering a theme or manuscript. What is the author's purpose? Does he achieve that purpose? Is that purpose worthwhile? I would say BELLAH'S purpose sprang from an urge to create a slice of life that seemed extremely important to him. He certainly succeeds in creating as powerful a slice of life as you could read. Is that worthwhile? Is it worthwhile to hang the shocking painting over the mantel? If shocking paintings nauseate you, I suppose not. Of course you have to live with the painting for years, and it takes only an evening of shock to read the book. But I believe that the person who cannot take an occasional shock is living in a world of his own. Furthermore, he is very badly oriented to his environment. The average person today has a terrific time orienting. (For proof read any newspaper.) The men in **Ward Twenty** have an even more difficult time of it. And you can help them by understanding them. And you can do that by reading **Ward Twenty.**

* * * * *

I just went to the barber where I had my long hair cut off. It gives me a brighter outlook on life. Orientation? Reconversion of energy? Bah! It ain't so difficult. Read **How to be a Civilian,** by MORTON THOMPSON, whose G.I. haircut is growing out again.

paul

DOUBLEDAY

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Seeing Things

REUNION IN NEW YORK

THERE was the dear old lady, as regular a pew occupant as our churches know, who saw the Lunts for the first time in a comedy a good many seasons back. Like everyone else, she had relished the dash, the unblushing intimacy, the unabashed honesty with which they had just romped through a love scene on a sofa. The old lady hated to have this scene come to an end. She sighed regretfully when it was over. She sighed, and turned to her companion, a dowager no less militantly respectable. Then she whispered, with more resonance than she had meant to muster, "It's nice, my dear, to know they are really married, isn't it?"

Her point is not hard to see. It *is* nice to know that Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne are married. It is as comforting to know it when you watch them in "O Mistress Mine"* as it was when the antimacassar matron saw them in "Caprice" in 1929. Their marriage sets the Lunts free. They are liberated by it, and have been all these years. The justification of freedom is not freedom itself but the uses to which it is put.

Millamant dreaded dwindling into matrimony. But then she had never seen the Lunts. If marriage—the mere act of being married—were a guarantee of acquiring their skill as players, then marriage by the self-same minister who united the Lunts should be obligatory for all actors, as surely as Lincoln wished Grant's whiskey could be distributed to his generals.

Marriage, however, is not enough. The certificate which goes with it certifies only that a man and woman are legally wed. It does not promise that they will be brilliantly endowed. It does not even promise that they will be happy.

The Lunts are both. Although I have no way of proving this, I suspect they must have been married near the altar of Dionysus. The theatre with them is their married life no less than their public life. Undoubtedly, had they trooped up the gangplank of the Ark, they would have turned it in no time into a Showboat. The contemporary stage does not know a couple that can hold a spotlight to them, when it comes to their skill in playing together. Of dialogue they make the best of duets; of what is left unphrased, but said in terms of glances, of shared laughs, of pattings, gropings, silences, or crossings, they create a closer harmony than any singers know.

On the air we hear a great deal about Bulova watch time. As citizens, we master each spring the intricacies of Daylight Saving Time. As travelers, we learn, however painfully, the differences between Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific Time. The war taught us all kinds of new tricks we could play on the sun with our watches. But the Lunts have a sense of timing which is their own.

A cat could not have more fun with catnip than they do with the lines they speak. They do not hammer them; they play with them. They pounce on them, toss them in the air, pull them earthward, romp with them, and roll on them. They know how to hold a sentence back, and then send it scurrying suddenly to its conclusion. They never miss the meaningful or explosive word, and never overstress it.

They are shrewd judges of what to underscore and what to throw away. They realize that the very act of seeming to throw a phrase or a word away is in itself a form of emphasis. They are no less adroit in altering the tempo of their separate scenes than they are in changing the pace of their single sentences. What is more, their watches are always synchronized.

—*Vandamm Studio*

"A cat could not have more fun with catnip than the Lunts do with the lines they speak . . . they pounce on, toss, pull, romp with, and roll on them."

The Lunts are never uncertain about what they are doing. Their acting is always the result of a shared plan. It is a long game of affectionate give-and-take. It is a model of domesticity only in the generous concern each shows for showing the other off to advantage.

Except for the unflagging courtesy they show their craft by showing each other, the playing of the Lunts is incarnadined with theatricality. It is bold, informed, and exquisitely professional. They give to it their every energy, holding nothing back except what would be excessive. They squeeze whatever they are doing to the final half-drop it may contain in merriment or meaning. Since their skill is the equal of their confidence, we sit before them alert—and yet strangely relaxed. We are happily aware we do not have to worry for them; they have done their worrying for us.

Heaven knows, the Lunts have given notable performances in a large number of ambitious plays. No actors whose names have been associated, singly or jointly, with such productions as "Goat Song;" "Strange Interlude," "Volpone," "Juarez and Maximilian," "Outward Bound," "Marco Millions," "The Brothers Karamazov," "Arms and the Man," "The Doctor's Dilemma," "Pygmalion," "The Sea Gull," or "There Shall Be No Night" can be fairly accused of not having made their important contributions to the serious drama.

But there is a kind of comedy at which the Lunts excel, and in which their huge public rejoices to see them. "The Guardsman" set the giddy pattern. "Caprice," "The Second Man," "Reunion in Vienna," and "Design for Living" were all cut from the same cloth. "O Mistress Mine" hails from the identical counter, even if from a different bolt. Satin or sateen as these comedies may have been, the Lunts have always granted them a sheen of their own.

Who does not remember the Lunts in the theatre box in "The Guardsman"? Who can forget them patching up their difficulties in "The Second Man"? Squabbling as mistress and lover in "Caprice"? Waltzing towards the bed in "Reunion in Vienna"? Or the moment when Mr. Coward and Mr. Lunt, as Miss Fontanne's past lovers, suddenly bobbed up at her husband's New York penthouse in the hurly-burly of "Design for Living"?

Because of the Lunts all of these

---

*O MISTRESS MINE, a new comedy by Terence Rattigan. Presented by the Theatre Guild and John C. Wilson. Settings by Robert Davidson. Directed by Mr. Lunt. With a cast including Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne, Dick Van Patten, Margery Maude, Esther Mitchell, Ann Lee, and Marie Paxton. At the Empire Theatre.

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GERTRUDE LAWRENCE • RAYMOND MASSEY
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Pygmalion
Melville COOPER • Cecil HUMPHREYS
Staged by CEDRIC HARDWICKE
BARRYMORE THEATRE, W. 47 ST. LIMITED ENGAGEMENT
Eves. 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

comedies, right down to Terence Rattigan's "O Mistress Mine," have been parts of a gleeful serial. They have been different coaches on the same red and gold circus train. The Lunts have swept through them, sweeping everything before them. In each of these comedies the Lunts have played with fire, protected always by the asbestos of their perfect taste. In each of them they have set up joy as the only legal code of the realm they have created and over which they reign as undisputed sovereigns.

In each they have led us into a world glitteringly different from the one we live in. It is a higher-voltage universe than drab mortals know; a land where the sun itself seems to rise not above the horizon but above the footlights. Its air is in truth as exhilarating as the travel ads would persuade us the breezes are at seaside and mountain resorts. In it everything shines; has luster and vivacity. It would seem to belong to the empire of artificial comedy if all that happens in it did not appear to be so natural.

If "O Mistress Mine" is a slight comedy, why not? All things do not have to have weight. A balloon needs only helium to keep it aloft. Because helium is not heavy does not mean that it is without a value of its own.

Mr. Rattigan is concerned with the troubles faced by a wealthy English cabinet minister and his mistress when her young son, a violent believer in Professor Laski's theories, returns one day from Canada. This boy succeeds in separating his mother from her comforts, and persuades her to live for a while according to his own economic doctrines.

Granting that Mr. Rattigan has cut

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Music by HAROLD ARLEN
Lyrics by E. Y. HARBURG
Book by SIG HERZIG and FRED SAIDY
Based on the play by LILITH & DAN JAMES
SHUBERT W. 44 St. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"A VERY BIG HIT!" —WALTER WINCHELL
KERN AND HAMMERSTEIN'S
"Show Boat"
Music by JEROME KERN
Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the novel by EDNA FERBER
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
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A New Comedy by TERENCE RATTIGAN
Directed by MR. LUNT
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his light cloth with the Lunts in mind, it seems only right that his skill as a tailor should win its own applause. Some of my colleagues, I note, have dismissed the script of "O Mistress Mine" as if it were non-existent. They have frowned on it, because it is jubilantly unimportant. Mr. Nathan has even spanked the Lunts for appearing in so trivial a comedy. As I see it, however, its unimportance is the point of Mr. Rattigan's play, and one of the sources of its pleasures. I should think it would have to be judged in terms of the opportunities with which it provides the Lunts, and the laughs it supplies the audience, rather than in terms of what it does not pretend to say.

For the past two years the Lunts have done a fine, arduous, and brave job overseas in bombed London, and on the Continent with our troops. If "O Mistress Mine" finds them taking a holiday, it must be said of it that it invites playgoers to go on one, too.

One thing is certain. The Lunts never permit their skill to have a vacation. In a charming curtain speech on the opening night, Mr. Lunt said that Miss Fontanne and he would feel justified if they could contribute any laughter to "an angry and suspicious world." As the responses of their audiences reach them across the footlights at the Empire, they must feel more than justified. So must Mr. Rattigan. They must be as happy as for a few hours at each performance they make others.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

A Guilty Love

MOTHER AND SON. By Clarkson Craine. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 244 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

THIS novel is oddly misnamed. The title refers to a story which the author has not told except by way of prologue to his book, a prologue that would obviously have been either an epilogue or, to judge by his title, the theme of the whole volume. For the novel itself does not concern the relations between a mother and her son, but that mother's guilty passion for one of the three men who wish to marry her. The son's role is distinctly subordinate.

As a study of the fears and ecstasies, the revulsions and jealousies of a conventional woman entangled in an illicit love affair, the book has its compelling moments. The physical craving and self-loathing, the fevers of happiness and despair, the inability of this young widow to keep away from her lover or to satisfy her need for him even when she lies in his arms, all these are convincingly indicated.

But for some reason the author wanted to connect this central theme with another, namely the conception of maternal love as a possessive and destructive force, capable of undermining a son's stamina, capable also of pervading even the relation between a mistress and her lover. This second theme, awkwardly adumbrated here and there in the tale—almost as an afterthought, it would seem—emerges openly only in the prologue-epilogue. However, it actually belongs in another novel, and the effort to bring it into this one is a failure.

Indeed the whole story lacks focus and integration. Helen Wheeler's infatuation for Henry Moore gives the reader little reason to be interested in the other two men who court her, and the many pages allotted to their histories lack point and flavor despite the fact that one of these men is supposedly dominated by *his* mother. Similarly, although we are occasionally told that Helen wishes to devote herself entirely to her son and although the prologue-epilogue shows her eventually doing this with disastrous results, the novel itself provides scant evidence of the overweening mother-love which is presumed to have wrecked the boy's character in later days. In short, the marriage of the two problems treated in this novel has not been consummated and the second, potentially of great interest, remains a problem in name only.

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I Will Be Good

Every now and then a writer unbuttons his vest and loosens his necktie, or maybe she takes down her back hair and kicks off her slippers and sets out to write a story with no motive in the world but to tell a story. It is really a rare thing for a good writer to type for the joy of writing and for a good story teller to run on for the mere sensuous pleasure of telling a wonderful story. But that is what happened in the writing of I WILL BE GOOD.

Hester Chapman the author uses all the tricks of her unscrupulous trade. If she needs a pomegranate lip she simply turns to the pigeonhole marked Lips — Pomegranate, and there it is on her page. She can summon up a clap of thunder in half the time it would take Zeus to scratch his head. If she needs a haunted medieval castle, she doesn't even have to rub a lamp to get it. These are the old stage properties of melodrama, but they are used with an intimate knowledge and virtuosity which would make the castle of Otranto look like the little red school house.

And everywhere beneath the diamonds and the flounces and the ruffles, within the milk-white flesh and granite muscles, there is the sharp poisonous disquieting thorn of a life that is all too real. Such is Hester Chapman's I WILL BE GOOD.

By HESTER CHAPMAN

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A Matter of Life and Death

THE FOUR CORNERSTONES OF PEACE. By Vera Micheles Dean. New York: Whittlesey House. 1946. 267 *pp.* $2.50.

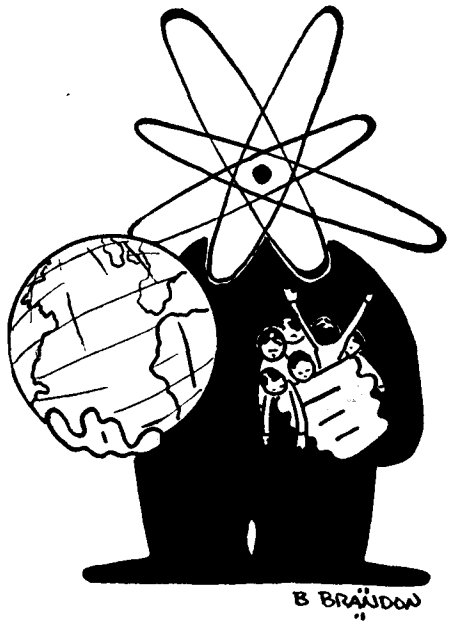
Reviewed by HANS W. WEIGERT

VERA MICHELES DEAN holds a ranking position among those who have distinguished themselves in the task of preparing the American voter, and the future voter who is now in the classroom, for the vital battle of the peace which we are in such great danger of losing. As research director of the Foreign Policy Association, she has been a devoted worker for peace through education. It is impossible to appraise accurately the effect which the spreading of unbiased information on international affairs by the F.P.A. has had in moulding public opinion, especially in the younger generation. I have found many a proof of the success of this kind of education for peace in conversations with students; the name of Miss Dean, both as writer and speaker, is closely linked with this achievement.

The "four cornerstones of peace" are the four conferences of Dumbarton Oaks, Yalta, Mexico City, and San Francisco. Although the cornerstones have been laid, the structure of a world organization which will prevent war remains to be built. Miss Dean has set herself a modest task by limiting herself to the writing of a primer of these conferences. To compress such a primer into 140 pages is an act of self-sacrifice on the part of the author. It would have been easier and more gratifying for her to write a more personal and controversial book which, because of these qualities, might have had a greater sales appeal. I admire her for this self-sacrifice. It is easy to talk glibly about the atomic age without remembering the basic facts of the first victories in the battle of the peace, victories which must turn into defeat if the American public neglects and forgets them.

We need this book badly. It does not try to answer all our questions or to lift the veil of the future. But it provides an objective interpretation of the international agreements upon which the feeble edifice of peace rests today. It asks the questions which loom so threateningly between the lines of the documents and it answers them with clarity, so far as the turmoil of our day permits final answers.

It does not matter whether the reviewer or the reader is ready to accept all of these answers. Reading, for instance, that the United States "has no extensive territorial ambitions," one might sadly question this statement in the light of the



President's declaration, at his press conference of January 14, that we shall demand from the United Nations Organization an "exclusive trusteeship" over certain bases overseas. Such questions do not in the least reduce the intrinsic value of the book, for to kindle inquiry about the course of our foreign policy is one of its main objectives. An annex (115 pp.) containing the texts of the documents referred to in the text increases the usefulness of the "Four Cornerstones."

"Now we have all discovered," writes Miss Dean, "that foreign affairs are a matter of life and death for everyone of us. They should remain a matter of life and death even when the war is over. If we fail to see this, we shall be betraying by default the privileges of citizenship in a democratic society for which millions of people, including our own, have died in two wars." There is no way of answering the anxious question whether our generation, again, will fail to see this. Miss Dean is no star-gazing dreamer and knows the danger-signs which make a cautious course mandatory. As Bacon said, "If we begin with certainties, we shall end in doubts; but if we begin with doubts, and are patient in them, we shall end in certainties."

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

OBSCURE WORKS OF FAMOUS WRITERS

This week we list the lesser-known works of ten famous writers, each of whom has written one or two famous books. Can you name the writer and the book for which he is known? Allowing 10 for each correct answer, 60 is par, 70 good, 80 or better excellent. Answers are on page 57.

1. "Cradock Nowell," "Alice Lorraine," "The Maid of Sker," "Clara Vaughan," "Cripps, the Carrier," "Epullia," "Christowell," "Perlycross," "Dariel," and "Tales from the Telling House."

2. "Falkland," "Pelham," "The Disowned," "Devereux," "Paul Clifford," "Eugene Aram," "Godolphin," "Rienzi," "Ernest Maltravers," "The Last of the Barons," "A Strange Story," and "Lucretia."

3. "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners," "The Life and Death of Mr. Badman," "Defense of Justification by Faith," and "Holy War."

4. "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "A Lady of Quality," "Editha's Burglar," "A Fair Barbarian," "The Making of a Marchioness," "The Shuttle," "Esmeralda," "Sara Crewe," and "The White People."

5. "Antonina," "Armadale," "Man and Wife," "No Name," "Basil," "Hide and Seek," "After Dark," "The Dead Secret," and "The New Magdalen."

6. "The Great Shadow," "Micah Clarke," "Sir Nigel," "Rodney Stone," "Exploits of Brigadier Gerard," "The Surgeon of Gaster Fell," "The Fires of Fate," and "The House of Temperly."

7. "Omoo," "Typee," "Pierre," "Redburn," "Mardi," "White Jacket," "Israel Potter," "The Confidence Man," "Billy Budd," "Clarel," "John Marr," "Timoleon," and "The Apple-Tree Table."

8. "The Mayflower," "Dred, a Tale of the Dismal Swamp," "The Minister's Wooing," "Oldtown Folks," "Agnes of Sorrento," "The Pearl of Orr's Island," "Poganuc People," and "Pink and White Tyranny."

9. "The Warden," "Orley Farm," "Can You Forgive Her?", "The Small House at Allington," "He Knew He Was Right," "The Claverings," "The Duke's Children," "Doctor Thorne," "Phineas Finn," "The Prime Minister," "Framley Parsonage," "The Bertrams," "Castle Richmond," etc., etc.

10. "The Fair God," "The Prince of India," "The Boyhood of Christ," "The Wooing of Malkatoon," and "Commodus."

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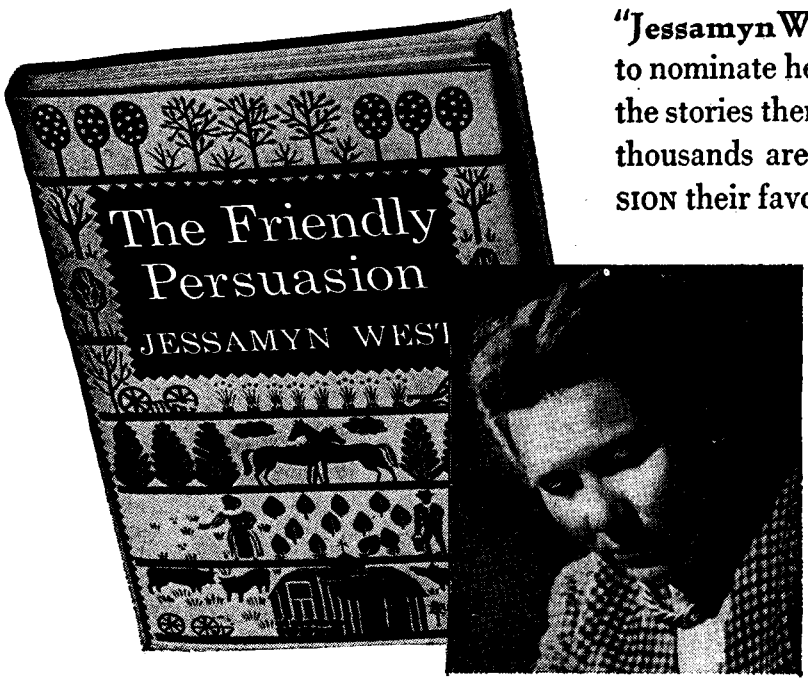
Two literary discoveries of 1945



"**Jessamyn West** knows how to write . . . I should like to nominate her as this season's book discovery. As for the stories themselves, they're still another reason why thousands are going to find THE FRIENDLY PERSUASION their favorite fiction of the year."
—*Joseph Henry Jackson.*

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Two literary discoveries of 1946

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Some Valuable Proposals

UNWRITTEN TREATY. By James P. Warburg. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1946. 186 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by HANS KOHN

MR. WARBURG'S short book consists of three different parts. One is a narrative of the United States' information and propaganda services to foreign nations, enemy, friendly, and neutral, during World War II. This material is presented with the authority of a man who has taken a leading part in the activity. The second part deals with controversial issues which Mr. Warburg encountered during his activity. It is to this reviewer the least satisfactory, but probably also the least important, part of the book.

By far the most important part, novel in its approach and concrete in its proposals, deals with the future. The need of military and economic disarmament if we wish to preserve peace has been generally recognized by now; though we hear astonishingly little about military disarmament at present, and very much about fortified bases for the United States and security zones and building of huge armaments for Russia. Little, however, is being said about the elimination of psychological warfare. True, its importance might be easily exaggerated. As Mr. Warburg rightly points out, neither British-American nor Soviet propaganda succeeded in breaking down German morale. Arms, not propaganda, decided the issue. Nazi propaganda based its success largely on the strength of the German arms, and Communist propaganda at present relies very much on the prestige of Russian military might. No American propaganda can be as effective as the display of economic production and military valor. Psychological warfare is only an adjunct of military and political warfare. Yet it is important enough, especially in sowing discord and stirring unrest, in spreading confusion and raising false issues, to merit our full attention.

Here Mr. Warburg's felicitous suggestions will be welcomed. He proposes two international agreements: one to secure freedom of information everywhere in the world; the other to outlaw certain kinds of psychological attack by one nation upon another. The first agreement would guarantee to the citizens of all other nations the right to enter the territory of another nation, to travel freely therein, and to write or report about it. Each nation would grant to other nations and their citizens the right to offer for sale to newspapers, radio stations, motion picture exhibitors, stories, pictures, and other informational material, though how this could be done with totalitarian regimes controlling all channels of information is not clear. As important as the preceding international guaranteed rights would be the right of the citizens of all countries to listen freely to the international broadcasts of all other nations and to read their press or literature.

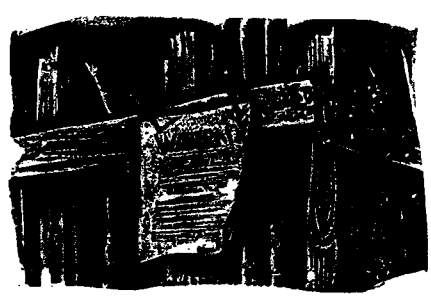
A supplementary disarmament agreement would outlaw any attempts to discredit the government of another signatory nation, especially among its own citizens, to divide the people of another nation among themselves, to discredit their philosophy of life and government, or to stimulate prejudice, hate, and discrimination. Mr. Warburg is right in assuming that the mere existence of such an agreement and the fact that charges could at any time be preferred under it before the Security Council would go far towards securing peace. It is sincerely to be hoped that the American representatives to the United Nations Organization will press for the realization of Mr. Warburg's valuable proposals.

An Indictment of Civilization

STONE WALLS AND MEN. By Robert M. Lindner. New York: The Odyssey Press. 1946. 487 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by
WILLIAM SHANDS MEACHAM

WILLIAM JAMES said that wars and our prisons constitute the most serious indictments of civilization. We may well turn now to the second count of the Harvard philosopher, for after all wars crime tends to increase. This democracy of ours has one of the highest crime rates in the civilized world, yet in no nation has fiction about the criminal been so stubbornly resistant to fact and research. The confusion in our thought is indicated by our practice. We range from the medievalism of clanking chains and the flogging of prisoners in some of the Southern states, to treatment centers for offenders which are prophetic in their significance. The growing young science of criminology, which is utilizing all the knowledge which the other social sciences can bring to its new discipline, is attacking the major premise upon which is founded most of the error in our thinking about crime and the increasing number of offenders in the United States. The false assumption is that once an individual has broken one of the penal laws and become a felon, he falls into the criminal class and his doom is irrevocable. The criminal is either created by a conflict within himself, or is made by conflicts within our culture for which society itself bears a considerable share of the guilt. In either case he is, in most instances, salvageable human material.



Our advanced courts now call the psychiatrist to their aid in making a diagnosis of the offender, and in the better prisons the combined resources of all trained personnel are used in separating the adventitious lawbreaker, or the casual offender, from the criminotic, a term which Dr. Lindner uses, after the suggestion of Arthur Foxe, to indicate the pathological personality whose crime is the expression of a conflict with roots deep down in the psyche. Dr. Lindner is a clinical psychologist and not a psychiatrist, but it is with the motivations of crime and the forms it may take as a result of intrapersonality conflicts that he is primarily concerned.

He has established command in the field of psychoanalysis, and in a previous book, "Rebel Without Cause," he described how he gave its technique a new orientation by using hypnosis to plumb the depths of the subconscious mind of a psychopathic personality by the name of Harold.

Laborious psychoanalysts may not approve of Dr. Lindner's short cut to the bottom of the unconscious deeps, but in criminology he is a brilliant and original researcher. In his present book he applies himself further to the task of understanding the criminotic by exploring "the fog-enshrouded days of infancy and early childhood when were laid down the irrevocable patterns of our lives."

Man is not only what he has been from the cradle to the present time; he is also what the race has been from the early stone age to the instant

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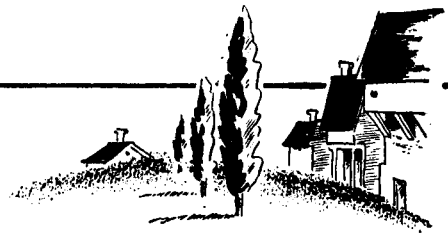

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hour. The social impulse is to forget that incest was rife in the early families of mankind, or that the patriarch might kill or castrate the young male who challenged him for the mother. Actually, the whole history of the human family must be taken into account in the socializing of the child. In this book Dr. Lindner takes many an antisocial adult back to his childhood, and there finds out enough about him to explain his criminal conduct. If it is revolutionary to consider the unresolved Oedipus complex as a cause of crime, Dr. Lindner has in this book a case history which offers the proof that it may be. His case histories are always well written, and are used to point up his thesis. The part that our prevailing culture, and what is meretricious in our economic system, play in criminal careers is well illustrated. Alcoholism is not a cause of crime, though it may be a precipitating factor. Like crime, it is a symptom of the basal conflict.

Criminotics and simple lawbreakers go to prison together. Of the futility of the life they live there, Dr. Lindner writes from intimate knowledge, and he also lets the inmates tell their own stories. Every man in prison is a candidate for schizophrenia. Like Du Maurier's Peter Ibbetson, every prison inmate is inclined to withdraw into himself and live a dream life beyond the walls. In the static, abnormal life of the prison this schizoid retreat of the psyche from reality has dangers of which alert penologists are aware, but about which they can do little. Homoeroticism in prison (a word the author prefers to homosexuality, under the circumstances) is one of the major problems of every prison administrator, but the one he is least likely to mention in his annual report. Dr. Lindner thinks there has been enough success with the so-called conjugal visits (broadly interpreted) abroad, to justify experimentation along this line in American prisons, but as a psychologist he should know that this conflict with American mores could not be successfully met by our prison wardens.

The cure for the psychological trauma of prison experience is less prison life. As every penologist knows, the majority of men and women sent to prison could be safely supervised in some community through a treatment program managed by competent probation and parole officers. Dr. Lindner has little or nothing to say about probation and parole, but it will be through the intelligent use of these enlightened substitutes for imprisonment that we shall decrease the burden of our crimes of punishment.

Old Folks at Home

THE ROLE OF THE AGED IN PRIMITIVE SOCIETY. By Leo W. Simmons. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1945. 317 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by EDWIN GRANT BURROWS

THE core of this work is a tabulation of 112 traits or bits of custom among seventy-one primitive tribes all over the world. Details about treatment of the aged are compared with a great variety of other customs, in order to bring out any consistent relationships that might suggest how the treatment of the aged has come to be what it is. Professor Simmons finds, for example, a positive coëfficient of correlation, .17, between patrilineal descent and the killing of aged women. Although the 1,164 correlations are relegated to Appendix A, they make the book what it is.

Before we come to Appendix A, this information is presented in rela-

tion to such general topics as "The Assurance of Food," "The Use of Knowledge, Magic, and Religion," and "Reactions to Death." This puts some flesh on the statistical bones. The author will even go a little out of his way, now and then, to startle his readers with some amusing or gruesome glimpse of ways that are dark. Yet though he has wrestled manfully to make good reading of what is essentially not unlike a catalogue, there is still only one "Golden Bough."

Of course, a book that is not altogether a success as reading matter might still be important as a report of scientific inquiry. From this point of view, one advantage of this one is that it is not entirely library work. Some of the observations were made by the author at first hand on the mesas where the Hopi Indians live. Yet they have somehow the air of insertions into a study that had already been assembled indoors.

The procedure is admirably scientific, at least in a negative way. That is, Professor Simmons does not defend any preconceived theory, nor indulge in fanciful speculation. He lets his material speak for itself. Unfortunately, it has not very much to say. It composes into a panorama of a wide range of practises, but does not reveal any new insight into human behavior.

The trouble with this as a job of scientific research is that it did not ask any very searching question to begin with. If the only product were to be this book, it would go on the shelves for reference, but probably not be taken down very often. It would be in the main just one more piece of honest work on a problem that was hardly worth it, unless for training or to get a man a degree.

Happily the prospect is not that cheerless. Professor Simmons has carried the matter a step further in an article, "A Prospectus for Field-Research in the Position and Treatment of the Aged in Primitive and Other Societies," which appeared in *The American Anthropologist* for July-September, 1945. Here he asks three broad questions: "What do old people want for themselves? How may their interests be safeguarded? And what are the implications of the old-age problems for society in general?" Convinced by his previous labors that the answers are not to be found in libraries, he suggests a way of investigating the subject by visiting primitive peoples with those questions in mind.

So if this book does not itself provide any very important answers, it has at least led to the formulation of new questions that may prove to be well worth following up.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 139

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 139 *will be found in the next issue.*

BE NOT HALT HTLN SCHL AL

NOT GCNNJTE, KBNYACNAEF

BYCET AL NOYTT FTL.—

NCYNAJJB VJBN—ICOL

ENTALGTDM.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 138

The true contrast between science and myth is more nearly touched when we say that science alone is capable of verification.—Philosophy of Santayana (Reason in Science). —G. SANTAYANA.

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Epics, Oral and Written

FROM VIRGIL TO MILTON. By C. M. Bowra. New York: The Macmillan Company (Cambridge University Press). 1946. 247 pp. $4.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

THE reviewer has rarely had occasion to consider the opinions of a more variously accomplished student of letters than Mr. Bowra. He is obviously a first-rate classical scholar. Every Romance language is open country as far as he is concerned. It is a dreadful fact that he knows Russian quite as well. Apparently he was among those present at some modern Day of Pentecost. His very errors are "the venial lapses of the hopelessly well-informed." Also it is pleasant to report that in spite of his rather terrifying learning he is as enthusiastic as a boy who, suddenly feeling the excitement of the Iliad, begins to spell his way faster among the hexameters. This quiet verve is appealing and so is the reverent modesty with which he approaches the great poems of great poets. In short Mr. Bowra does not resemble at all those critics who regard noble writers as so many opportunities to exhibit what simulates wit or passes for penetration.

Mr. Bowra's ideas in "From Virgil to Milton" are roughly as follows, though the summary doubtless wrongs them. Two kinds of epic have long been discriminated, "authentic" epic and "literary" epic. Mr. Bowra would prefer "oral" and "written," as less invidious. The first type was composed to be declaimed in the marketplace, the second to be read in the library. In the first category are the Homeric poems, the Beowulf, the Song of Roland, the Lays of the Yugoslavs, and, of course, many others. "The Aeneid," the Lusiads of Camoens, the "Gerusalemme Liberata," and "Paradise Lost" are examples of "literary" or "written" epics, and it is with these four that his book deals.

Virgil, the originator of the type, was in all respects a remarkable innovator, who, in a cultivated age, which was heartily sick of long and terrible wars, could no longer take seriously the aggressive, self-assertive heroes of the authentic epic, in whom prowess or guile together with a passion for personal glory are essential characteristics. Instead Virgil synthesized Aeneas (not a wholly convincing synthesis), who, though he retains some lineaments of the Homeric hero, is less distinguished for physical strength and courage than he is for sense of duty and *pietas*, a word which implies too many virtues to list here. In short Virgil's hero is the ideal Roman, whose philosophy (stoicism with epicurean trimmings), is as important as his great acts. We have come a long way from Diomede and Odysseus.

Virgil's followers in the Renaissance were to go further yet. Thus if Aeneas helps to explain the Spirit of Rome, in the Lusiads the Spirit of Portugal helps to explain Vasco da Gama. And a nation is the real hero of the poem. The dozens of valiant navigators and soldiers come on the canvas only because they exhibit the Portuguese virtues, meaning fidelity, efficiency, and resolution. Everything, if we except some conventional but delightful divine machinery, is on the level of reality and probability, even the fantastic national program of conquest and conversion throughout the Orient. The mission is more than the soldier. And Portugal is even more than the mission.

For Tasso (concerning whom the reviewer knows only what Mr. Bowra and the encyclopedia tell him) a divided Italy could not play such a part in his poem, but the idea of a united Catholic Christianity could and did. His heroes, romantic but humorless Ariosto cavaliers, move in the dim religious light of the Counter-Reformation. They have become miracles of courage, courtesy, and improbability. But the important point is that Tasso wrote about the First Crusade in order to launch the last. The idea is more than the figures.

For Milton the arch-protestant assuredly neither national ambition nor organized religion is of much moment. True glory is only to be had where the individual, some Abdiel unafraid, maintains perpetual strife with beasts at Ephesus. Wars have only symbolic value in comparison with this nobler conflict. And Mr. Bowra points out that the qualities of the original Homeric hero now belong to—Satan. Virgil softened the creature into a suffering thinker, Camoens made him an effective master of realities subordinated to an ideal of nationality, Tasso transformed him into a romantic courtier-missionary subordinated to a revivng Mother Church, but Milton has hurled Achilles from Heaven with Lucifer Prince of the Morning. Clearly this is the strangest vengeance ever taken for hosse-taming Hector.

So far Mr. Bowra. The reviewer has found so much to interest him in the book that it goes against the grain to say that these ideas seem to him of the academy, academic, and he will let it go at that. But there is nothing academic about Mr. Bowra's sympathies. He is full of information that informs. The backgrounds of all four of his poets have depth and perspective. You know suddenly why it was a Portuguese who had to write "the first great modern epic." Mr. Bowra, like Strachey, if only in this respect, sends you back to what you knew and forward to what you didn't. And he writes simply and directly, without pretence, and with genuine feeling.

For the reviewer's money the essay on Camoens is, not unnaturally, the most interesting section of the book. Whatever critical theory Mr. Bowra may have with respect to the Lusiads, his excitement about the poem is catching. And it is right to say that though Camoens has been lucky in his English and American admirers from Fanshawe down, few of them have been more whole-hearted than his latest commentator. The one-eyed old fighter who swam with the manuscript of his epic from the wreck on the windy reefs at the mouth of that "Captain of Waters," the Mekong, somehow takes the fancy. He burned himself into the heart and brain of "his son by election, Sir Richard Burton," who translated his every word. Wordsworth knew what Herman Melville felt. And in our own time the son of an American president carried the Lusiads in his duffle-bag on an African adventure as wild as any of Camoens's own. To discover Camoens is to discover splendor and charm, and for once the reviewer not only knows exactly what he's talking about but is completely right. Dante can do no more than Camoens when the monstrous Adamastor towers up, prophesying woe that makes each particular hair to stand on end. Mr. Bowra is well qualified to tell of the glory of a great poet. And it is refreshing to find an interpreter who writes so understandingly of the splendid madness of patriotism. In passing one may regret some minor inaccuracies. It was not Venus who foretold the greatness of Portugal but a far more appropriate divinity, Tethys, the Goddess of the Ocean Sea. John II did

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Furlough from Heaven

by JEROME DREIFUSS

CROWN PUBLISHERS, 419 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16

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not launch the ships of Vasco da Gama on the passage to India. That honor was reserved for Manuel the Fortunate to whom Ganges and Indus appeared in a vision of the night to urge him onward to discovery.

One would like to go at length into the other essays, if one had space and ability. It is not impossible to differ with Mr. Bowra on a hundred points, and good sport might be had. But, as suggested above, the fact that Mr. Bowra is right or wrong in his notions is of secondary importance. His sympathy and enthusiasm for his poets are what count. He is never wrong there. And it is pleasant to go along with him as he considers with complete appreciation the death of Turnus, Camoens's "great vision of the guarded mount" of the uttermost South, the enchantress Armida destroying her Paradise, or those noble and pathetic figures who,

> Hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
> Through Eden took their solitary way.

Fillip for the Critical Faculty

THE PROCESS OF PERSUASION. By Clyde R. Miller. New York: Crown Publishers. 1946. 234 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by PAUL FLOWERS

SINCE about the time of World War I when it filtered through the American vocabulary to the subway alumni level, the term "propaganda" has enjoyed an opprobrious connotation, defined roughly as untruth, deceitful revelations, and altogether a device to impel us, against our will and better judgment, to think and do things we shouldn't.

This attitude was given considerable aid and comfort through books and magazine articles during the twenties and thirties, arguments which made out rather impressive cases against "the propaganda menace." Many of these authors professed to be unable to see anything except evil and peril in any use of standard processes of persuasion, and thereby paid the American people the doubtful compliment of implying that they, the people, were incapable of distinguishing black from white.

Happily, Professor Miller has come up with "The Process of Persuasion," repeating many things he has said before, the burden of which is that propaganda per se is no more moral or immoral than gunpowder, rum or sex. Through the Institute of Propaganda Analysis, for several years he has been analyzing the devices and techniques by which people are being led to vote a ticket, buy an automobile, contribute to a community fund, join a union or fear Communism. Because he has bared these devices to the light of day, he has performed a service to all who might come under the impact of supersalesmanship.

Ironically enough, the author has taken a few leaves out of the books of the advertising copywriters and propagandists themselves, hanging catchy tags on the tricks and devices commonly employed to catch the public eye, dispel public fear, create public demand, and stimulate public action one way or another. He writes of "triggers" that conjure up pictures, the pictures which Walter Lippmann called "stereotypes," and to illustrate the use of "trigger words," he quotes the passage from Keats's poem "The Eve of St. Agnes":

> Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
> And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast.

Without the "trigger words," the author revises this to read:

> Full on this window shone the wintry moon
> And made red marks on Jane's uncolored chest.

Then he makes the point that there

is nothing in this revision to stimulate glandular secretion.

"The Process of Persuasion" could be a valuable handbook for protection against social stampeding, but people who stampede don't read anything except pieces supercharged with "trigger words."

If the human race would acquire what Professor Miller calls "the critical faculty" and develop "the recognition complex," there might be more discrimination, and we might "have the atom eating out of our hands."

"Fortunately," he concludes, "though no Utopia is around the corner, we know as much about the techniques for getting it done as the physicists knew in 1939 about getting atomic energy released. As was the case with the atomic bomb, the main task here is one of putting to use the knowledge we have."

His aim is to stimulate the critical faculty.

By Light Waves

TELEVISION. The Eyes of Tomorrow. By William C. Eddy, Captain, U. S. N. (retired). New York: Prentice-Hall. 1946. 330 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by
WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

MOST of us have a vague conception of the principles involved in telephoning. We know that the voice at the transmitter somehow modulates a carrier current and that this modulated current causes a diaphragm in the receiver to vibrate so that if someone says, "How are you feeling today?" in New York we hear, "How are you feeling today?" in San Francisco. Though television does for light what the telephone does for sound the process is much more complex. A photoelectric cell must translate light waves into electric waves, and the electric waves must again be translated into light waves. Moreover motion-picture principles are involved, especially the principle of retinal persistence. In the motion-picture the images are presented as wholes or "frames" with a speed of at least twelve a second, which is so rapid that the eye has no time to recover after each presentation. As a result one picture or "frame" merges into the next, so that we have the illusion of continuous motion. But in television each picture or frame must be painted line by line by a beam of light, so that the process of presentation is far more rapid and far more difficult.

Captain Eddy, an experienced radio engineer, goes into these and related matters about as thoroughly and yet as simply as any curious and patient reader can reasonably demand. That reader learns the principles of television and why the apparatus used is constructed as it is. He is taken into the control room of a station and into the studio where either films are televised or actors sweat under powerful lights hot enough to fry an egg. There is much in an appendix for student producers about cameras, lighting, stage business, backgrounds, scripts, movie inserts and other tricks, such as creating rain by shaking pulverized mica through wire screening, making mohair look like grass, and using reduced-scale stages that look enormous to the eye at the receiving end.

On the economics of television Captain Eddy expresses sober and conservative views. It seems to this reviewer that he might have gone into the statistical aspects of this phase of his subject. Instead he con-

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tents himself with generalities. He discusses the relation of the advertiser to television and prefers advertising support to government subsidies to make television pay, largely because he thinks that the advertiser will insist on better programs than the government is likely to give us. He does not believe that television "will ever compete with Hollywood," largely because of costs. Yet the fact remains that some motion-picture companies have entered the field of television. The prediction of television's future is particularly risky, and Captain Eddy, probably wisely, prefers to paint that future in colors that are not very rosy. The plain truth is that the broadcasting companies are still groping. They do not know whether or not the public prefers large television pictures in a theater or small ones at home. They are perplexed by the limited range of a television transmitting station and the immense cost of a national hook up. Will department stores exhibit bargains on the home screen? No one knows. Will a public which has been spoiled by Hollywood's lavish productions demand a new play every day at a cost which will run into tens of thousands apart from broadcasting time? The answer is not yet forthcoming. If that answer is affirmative an army of script writers, actors and scene makers will have to be recruited — again at a cost which makes the broadcasting companies shudder. Though Captain Eddy does not ignore these matters it seems to this reviewer that he might have gone into them more thoroughly in the light of British experience. Yet it must be said for him that he has touched every phase of television both technically and economically. On the whole his is the most exhaustive consideration of television which has thus far been presented for the general public. It is well worth the attention of anyone who is curious about the subject.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 620)

FRANKLIN:
TO WILLIAM FRANKLIN
[His son]

[West Wycombe, England,
Aug. 1, 1774*]

Methinks 'tis time to think of a profession for Temple (who is now upwards of fourteen), that the remainder of his education may have some relation to it . . . Posts and places are precarious dependencies. I would have him a free man.

* From Carl Van Doren: "Benjamin Franklin's Autobiographical Writings." Temple was an illegitimate son of William.

Snakes That Stand Up, and Others

REPTILES OF THE PACIFIC WORLD. By Arthur Loveridge. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1945. 259 pp. $3.00.

Reviewed by IVAN T. SANDERSON

THE title of this informative book —another of the series designed to bring together the whole natural history of the Pacific area in a manageable form—may be somewhat misleading. Were it not for considerations of brevity, it might better be described as a systematic review of the reptiles and an all too brief survey of the amphibians of the lands

bordering the Pacific. A not inconsiderable proportion of the animals mentioned, moreover, are denizens of those parts of Malaya which fringe the Indian Ocean and which we have not previously regarded as being within a thousand miles of the Pacific. This fact, however, in no wise detracts from the almost unblemished merits of this fascinating book.

"Reptiles of the Pacific World" is not designed for purely lay reading, but any professional herpetologist might well be found, in an unguarded moment and a comfortable chair, curled around its 259 small pages of clear text. Rather, it is primarily presented for the amateur naturalist who is either willingly or unwillingly residing in the area. There are at present many of both categories. The book, however, will be more than welcomed in coming decades when the war will be but a memory, for it is a very real contribution to a most welcome new development. Reliable and practical handbooks of local fauna have too long been a crying need throughout the world. A zoölogist visiting almost any country outside North America or Western Europe will be assailed from all sides by natives and resident expatriates alike, clamoring for correct names of and information upon the local animals. Mr. Loveridge has met this demand for one group of animals in a truly satisfying manner.

To the average person, weighed down beneath the modern load of cares from the price of bread to the atomic bomb, the subject of reptiles probably sounds dull as well as vaguely loathesome. It may come as a surprise, therefore, to learn the infinite variety and extraordinary diversity of remarkable reptilian and amphibian forms that inhabit even the smaller bits of our earth and the great expanses of the ocean. Here are snakes that can stand up and match man eye to eye, lizards that fly, frogs that make meringues, parachuting snakes, and giant lizards that eat pigs. Moreover, as you read on, it may be equally astonishing to discover how many of these creatures are already known to you in some vague and uncertain manner. Although there are sixty species of one group of tree-frogs and fifty of another, only distinguishable to an expert, the majority of the animals in this book are quite distinct and probably known (at least by their popular or generic names) to the average person with a high-school education. Happily, Mr. Loveridge has the knack of picking out the salient types and giving us all the information possible about their appearance and habits, which are sometimes almost unbelievable.

The book, unfortunately, is constructed like a spindle: it begins on a wide front and is at first very full in detail, but it seems to taper off to an almost breathless finish like the tail of a chimera. One gains the impression that either time, paper, or editorial patience began to run out about a third of the way through and that the process gathered momentum from then on. This is the greater pity, as the author is obviously the man to tell us about the amphibians and, more especially, about collecting methods which form the constricted tail of the work, being an expert in both and having whetted our appetite with the wealth of interesting material in the first part. The instructions for collecting and preserving will be useful, but there is more to these subjects than herein given, as the poor harassed traveler will soon discover to his lament.

Probably the most interesting chapters of the book, from the point of view of the greatest number of readers—or should they be called "users"? —will be those dealing with the poisonous snakes. These are treated in some detail, and the overall conclu-

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sions reached upon them as a menace to man are encouraging. For instance, we learn that only a fifth of the 2500 known snakes in the world are poisonous and that there are only a few forms in each area. Further, deaths from such bites in the United States are rarer than from lightning, while out of Australia's population of 6,500,000 only twelve succumb annually to snake bite. Still more encouraging is the avowed fact that only forty percent of cobra bites are fatal. Yet the least of things to do if bitten, though doubtless useful, is certainly formidable and, as this reviewer can affirm, quite beyond the scope of an ordinary, mortal, unprofessional bitee. Your "B-D Snake Bite Outfit No. 2006" is usually cached in the tent or the bungalow far away when you are bitten, and doctors, morphine, and even water are seldom available. Besides, you are so scared you probably try to use the hypodermic for a ligature.

Mr. Loveridge's "keys" for identifying the animals in the field are not only first class but *work*. This is quite novel. The book is splendidly put together and singularly devoid of editorial lapses, even though the Ural Mountains do appear in Western Europe on page 178. A full index would have added materially to its use.

Long Passage

By John Williams Andrews

THE plane leaps
To the sudden gusts of the sky,
And earth, far under,
Rocks on a swivelled hub.
The storm gathers.
But the feet of the child are warm
In the cup of her hand.
Her breast is a fountain
He shall not find empty
Now or hereafter.

Below, on the cloudy lands,
In the towns and cities,
Like ants unseen in the grasses,
The many, the women,
Move alone with their hearts.
She is one with these women.
They follow down to the piers
And stand in the sun
And wait for a look or a touch
Or a word for reward.
But nothing rewards them:
Only the furrows of prows in bleak sea-waters,
Only the sun at setting: no dream begotten.

The feet of the child are hot
In the clench of her hand.
She leans from the sky.
Her eyes are haunted,
Her tears are rain.
She watches:
The new geography
Of her living soul
Is a gaunt moon-crater
In the long passage.

He must not know it.

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Stopping "The Tokyo Express"

NIGHT WORK, The Story of Task Force 39. By Fletcher Pratt. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1946. 260 *pp.* $3.

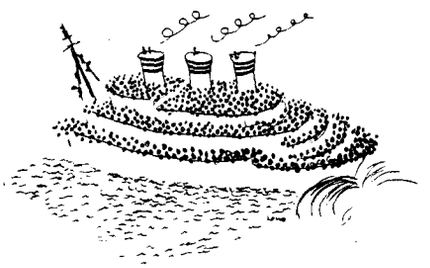
Reviewed by RAYMOND HOLDEN

MR. PRATT is one of those writers on naval warfare whose work is likely to grow in value as time goes on. His earlier books have amply proved that although he has had the advantages of an on-the-spot reporter he is not merely a reporter but, with the advantage of his advantages, a critic and historian. The Navy knows and respects him and he knows and respects the Navy.

Task Force 39, of which Mr. Pratt's new book is the story, seldom made the headlines as Task Force 58 did. For reasons which Mr. Pratt makes very clear, much of its activity could not be made public. Actually, a large part of its armor was comprised in the fact that the Japanese, with far greater strength at their command, never were quite sure either what or where Task Force 39 was.

To readers of newspapers who think of the naval war in the Pacific in terms of that United States sea power concentrated about the Japanese home islands in the late summer of 1945—a power so vast that it was said that no human eye could see it all at once—"Night Work" will be a revelation. Early in 1943 when the campaign for the more northerly Solomons was at its height and the Japanese were running what was known as "The Tokyo Express" down the "Slot" from Bougainville between Choiseul and the islands west of New Georgia, the U. S. cruiser force available for work in that region could easily have been anchored in such a position that a man could have swum around it in half an hour. With this force plus a complement of destroyers, Admiral Tip Merrill had to stop the Tokyo Express. The only way he could stop it was by attack on the much stronger and more readily deployed Japanese naval forces. The only way he could attack and continue to attack was to see that he lost no vessels and at the same time to give the Japanese the impression that he had found some. This required gruelling training under frightful conditions in order to produce what sports reporters call split-second timing, something which is an essential ingredient of teamwork.

The Japanese worked only at night. They had plenty of air cover, plenty of ships and men, and a secret weapon in the shape of exceptionally long-range torpedoes which had already sunk or crippled some of our best cruisers. Admiral Merrill discovered what the Japs didn't have and that was imagination. They couldn't get



over the belief that what had happened once would happen the same way again. Merrill saw to it that they were wrong about that. He stopped the Tokyo Express and the records show he never lost a ship in the Slot.

Mr. Pratt's book presents a beautifully detailed, quite masterly summary of the many actions which, by making Japanese reinforcement of the Solomons impossible, paved the way for the recapture of the Philippines and the final thrust toward Japan proper. It is a splendid story of men and ships in action and it will be a revelation to those who have never stopped to consider what is involved in the maneuvering of a high-speed task force. What a pity that some of the power which we later were able to concentrate on the seas between Leyte, Okinawa, and Tokyo could not have been available for the relief of Tip Merrill's dauntlessly human warriors! Yet perhaps, if it had been sheer skill and bravery that stopped the Tokyo Express, one of the most remarkable and heroic episodes in American naval history would never have been written.

The Winds of Eden

By Eric Wilson Barker

Through the old trees they whispered long ago,
And lightly as the passing of a bird,
Across Eve's sleeping face the shadows stirred,
And looking up, she saw the dark streams flow
Through all the leaves of Eden.

Lovely was the Garden then,
But in Eve's breast
The hunger would not rest,
For none had come to love the mother of men;
And when the day-flowers withered in the sky,
About the time that owls and nightjars cry,
Through the long orchard grass
Her day-long loneliness
Found voice in winds that crept and rustled by.

Waiting for Adam's love she lay
Still in the grass, while far away,
Through apple boughs that caught the sun's last gold,
She heard the ebbing waves sink down and die,
Where the dark falcons gathering in the sky,
Drew on the dusk-deep fold.

Then hid the evening warmly in her hair,
And when the moon rose stroking her white limbs,
Flooding the Garden to the orchard rims,
Raking the secret bramble shadows bare,
She sometimes lay awake,
Watching Orion climb the eastern stair,
His hound upon his wake,
And mounting the zenith like a star-winged bird,
Pursue the Pleiads through the chastened air.

Alas for Eden gone,
And Eve, and him who came
To burn aloneness out in one white flame,
The sweet fruit plucked for murderer's blood
Until the black malignant flood
Flowed like a poison through the sons of Cain. . . .

Yet still the wind abides,
Stirring the lichen on the ancient stone;
The planet's moving tides,
Cleansing the carrion from her wounded sides,
Heal still with deep and immemorial tone.
The last shall hear them, waiting all alone
The black oblivious night, while through the trees
Climbs still the Winter Giant from the east,
And draws his sword above the portless seas.

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Mild Adventure

THE HOUSE THAT BERRY BUILT. By Dornford Yates. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1946. 278 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JAMES P. WOOD

FORCED by the glamorously impossible expense to turn "White Ladies," that fabulous English country house, over to the nation, Berry, Jonah, Boy, Daphne, and Jill, the same impossible yet rather delightful noble-English-county characters that Dornford Yates has used in his earlier Berry novels, find the world's most exciting site for the world's most exciting new house in the Pyrenees. There, undeterred by the magnificent expense, they begin to build a magnificent English home in one of the most delightful spots in France.

It is the building of this great house in a happy contagion of elegant merriment, perfection of taste, clever

planning, near Meredithian dialogue, masculine capability, and feminine charm, that is the story of this novel. There is the murder of a titled English judge, and suspects skirt the region of Lally, Pau, and Besse in France, where such a house as never was is being built in such fields as never were, but the murder and its solution are minor in this story. Major always is the house as stone by stone, tile by tile, timber by timber, it takes shape in their minds and then in actuality. There is real and natural excitement for the reader in following the progress of its construction.

"The House That Berry Built" is utterly without intellectual significance or literary import. It pretends to none. It is old-fashioned, genteel adventure narrative with a rhinestone sparkle to its innocent gaiety, a bright artificiality about its characters, their talk and actions, and occasionally a passage of wise humor. The mannered writing and silly tricks of style do no great damage to what is essentially a delicious concoction. The novel is a delectable dish for those with a taste for this kind of delectation, and there are times when most readers have that taste.

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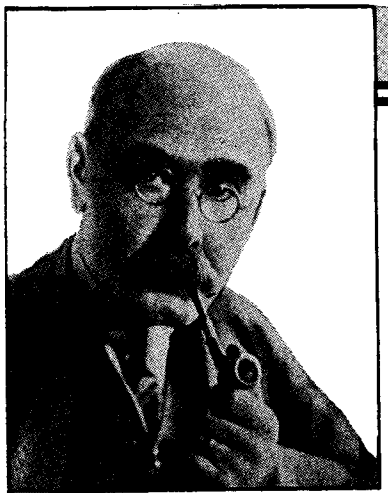

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HARPER

Featherbrain, Self-Styled

THE RAMPANT REFUGEE. By Kathleen Carlisle. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1945. 251 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

—*Blackstone Studios*

Kathleen Carlisle has written "a lively, engrossing, and moving chronicle."

IN 1941 the clouds of war hung low on the horizon, but that gay and wacky young matron Mrs. Sidney Carlisle, wife of a British customs official and member of the exclusive British colony at Shanghai, never read the papers anyway and wasn't particularly concerned. In November of that year, however, her more realistic husband booked passage for her and three-year-old Virginia Claire, called Ginka, on the *President Harrison*, sailing for the States. The *President Harrison* got as far as Manila. "Manila was quieter than Shanghai," writes Mrs. Carlisle,

> and with my natural inclination to slight big things, I succeeded in immersing myself smoothly into the swim of social events. There were polo clubs and army and navy clubs and rum and coke for hot days and whiskey and soda for coolish days. I figured Sidney would want us to keep stiff upper lips, so Ginka and I played bravely, and, I might say, fully. I was still disregarding warnings. I remember one from a Marine major whom I accompanied to a party one Sunday night. "You'll never get out of here," he said soberly. "There'll be war in seventy-two hours, is my guess." I pooh poohed. "Don't be moody," I said brightly. "Besides, come hell or high water I'm going to the States." That was a very nice Sunday night and I had a fine time at the party . . . and slept soundly on Monday morning. (In the States, of course, it was still Sunday.)

Sunday, the 7th of December, 1941. Mrs. Carlisle didn't get to the States until quite some time later, after some extremely harrowing experiences in Manila, in occupied Shanghai, where she was allowed to rejoin her husband, and in the Japanese prison camp at Lungwha. Her story, under its veneer of outrageous facetiousness, is one of real courage, resourcefulness, and genuine gallantry, of adaptability and cheerfulness in the face of catastrophe and heartbreak, and one wants to shake Mrs. Carlisle for her determined effort to picture herself as an irresponsible scatterbrain. She was nothing of the sort. And to say, even in deprecatory self-ridicule, that her fundamental conception of herself was "a lovely, never-aging elf, giggling, one foot behind the

To Taste on Others' Lips

By Lt. Kermit Roosevelt, U.S.A.

SOME women like to sleep with death,
The infinite in finite form;
Whispered mortality upon young breath
Has piquant beauty in a uniform.

The act is less of heart than head,
Rather of taking than of giving.
Such contact with the almost dead
Sharpens a jaded zest for living.

To sense upon the thrusting flesh
A cold possessive hand;
To know that bone and sinew's mesh
May fertilize an alien land;

To taste on others' lips the sweet
Draft of extinction soon to come,
Brings an exhilarating heat—
A daring vision of the final home.

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other, champagne glass in hand, waiting for the orchestra to begin again, looking forward to ham and eggs in the kitchen at 5 a.m." is even more unfortunate because of its obvious artificiality. Such back-handed vanity is hard to take, even when it is so palpably an ill-chosen pose.

When the Japanese occupied Manila, Mrs. Carlisle faced imprisonment as an enemy alien. She was, though born in Canada and married to an Englishman, an American citizen, and an American passport was hardly an asset at the moment. With considerable resourcefulness she managed to get herself a Danish passport by applying at the Danish consulate and claiming to be a citizen of Denmark. Put-up job as it was (and certainly winked at by the Danish consul, who could hardly have been deceived, considering the fact that Mrs. Carlisle couldn't speak a word of the language), it fooled the Japanese and kept her from being immediately interned.

But before she was allowed to join her husband in Shanghai there were gruelling interviews with the Japanese, humiliating personal indignities, the harrowing struggle to get food for herself and Ginka, and days and nights spent under fire in the "open city" of Manila. Then there was a period when the Carlisles and four or five other families lived in "The Mess," a sort of communal madhouse, a joint establishment in which all their resources were pooled while they waited to be taken to the concentration camp at Lungwha. One by one the families were interned, and for the next year the self-styled incorrigible featherbrain cleaned latrines, lived in the windowless end of a long room shared by three or four other people and partitioned off like a pullman berth by ragged blankets, stood in line for miserable food, worked in the gardens that the prisoners were allowed to maintain, got bloodpoisoning and nearly lost an arm, endured the morale-wrecking prison life and brutality of the Japanese authorities, and managed through it all to keep her courage and humor.

And when she and Ginka were finally repatriated to the United States, she worked as a taxi dancer, a waitress in Schrafft's (for one day), and an elevator operator at the Waldorf. Most of her funds were frozen, Sidney was still in the prison camp at Lungwha.

She emerges from the pages of her book, in spite of her efforts to the contrary, as a thoroughly likable and admirable young woman. And her story is a lively, engrossing, and moving chronicle.

Along The Tallahatchie

by

Lae Cornell

The story behind the second largest earthen dam the world had ever known has proven to be one of the most sensational novels of the day.

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"Yep," Granny Peck said, "an' I don't like. Runnin' people offen thair land like they hev no more rights than flies!"

Poor old Granny went to the Poorhouse, her son John joined a nomad tribe, his wife Mary went to her well earned rest and Jo-Ella unto her people as a Joan-of-Arc.

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IN THE FEBRUARY

Horn Book
MAGAZINE

To be Kept—Not Filed.
By Rose Dobbs.
Ever thought what fun it would be to see the off-the-record illustrated letters artists send to their publishers when books are in process? Don't miss the chance to look through one editor's file in this issue of *The Horn Book Magazine.*

The Soul of France Shall Live.
By Paul Hazard
The last article written by this distinguished humanist has been translated for *The Horn Book* by Horatio Smith of Columbia University.

The Princess Goes to Press.
By Helen Stone.
A delightful paper which we are privileged to share with all those who could not hear it as read by Miss Stone at the annual exhibition of Children's books in the New York Public Library.

Florence Crannell Means and Her Books. *By Siri Andrews.*
Florence Crannell Means has concentrated her efforts toward a better world in writing for children. Her work from *Rafael and Consuelo,* published in 1929, through the much discussed *Moved Outers* of 1945 is ably covered by Miss Andrews who likewise presents an excellent portrait of Florence Crannell Means, the woman. With many photographic illustrations.

Holland During Invasion, in letters to *Hilda van Stockum.*
Lest we forget . . . "Write about your dear selves. Having been isolated so long, we are longing for new books, for newspapers, for new visions. The last years I have lived and worked only for warmth, food, and some happiness for the family. So I am starved . . ."

Book reviews, illustrations, special departments as usual

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING			REMARKS
	Balance	*Realism*	*Surface*	
HAYDN, Symphony #98 in B flat. (1) Toscanini, NBC Symph. (also Mendelssohn, Scherzo; Octet op. 20) VM 1025 (4) $4.50		A	C aggravated by silent spots in the music.	Old Barlow set has better ensemble, more accurate playing; clearly superior interpretation. Surface quieter. Available in some shops.
(2) Barlow, Col. B'casting Symph. CM 370 (3) $3.50 (Out of print; should be restored)		B+	A	

CONTEMPORARY music is in for a greater share of the new record output this year than ever before, and it is interesting to speculate on what has happened to bring this about.

It is axiomatic that monthly record releases reflect the current taste of the average record buyer—plus perhaps a five or ten per cent bias in the direction of "education." That percentage may be considered a safe one for any company which, in spite of idealism and musical fervor, must pay its bills and make money.

Thus it appears that public taste, or that of the public which buys the more expensive records, is on the move. Back in the early 1930s, when the surge of postwar music had reached heights of fame and notoriety, a good many historic recordings of controversial music were made, some of which still remain in the catalogues . . . works such as Milhaud's "Création du Monde," Edgar Varèse's "Ionisation," and notably the great Stravinsky series (Stravinsky directing), including "L'Histoire du Soldat," the Octet, "Symphony of Psalms," "Duo Concertante." But these recordings represented an abnormal extension of the "educational" category (and just possibly a desire to cash in on the then notoriety of the music). Certainly these were not popular recordings in any sense of the word.

Yet today the same composers and others younger are beginning to sell. Some are unmistakably clear of the "education" class. The reason is at least twofold. Time has passed; the dissonant music of the 20s and 30s is far more palatable now than when it came fresh after the First World War. Even an average listener takes it with scarcely a wince. And this is due not only to increasing familiarity (which does not breed contempt), but to the great influence of popular music which, technically speaking, has been in the lead in exploring new harmonic and instrumental possibilities and perfecting their use. After twenty years of jazz and swing we are almost ready to accept in "classical" music, most of us, the same dissonance, the same harsh, unromantic, brassy sounds, the same machine rhythms that popular art has made entirely familiar. It's not surprising that music like Milhaud's "Protée" suite (V M 1027) of 1920, once a newsworthy shocker, is genuinely likable music as we hear it now. It has less dissonance than most popular music, less than much of the popular new ballet music of Bernstein, Schuman, and Dello Joio, less than Bernstein's "On the Town" music.

But one more factor is hastening our acceptance of the older generation of contemporaries—the same who shocked so effectively back in the 20s. Starting about 1934 a trend has been growing towards a neo-romanticism. Shostakovitch went overboard with his Fifth Symphony; more recently the old radicals, Stravinsky, Prokofieff, Hindemith, Copland, Milhaud, have shown a decided interest (much to the disappointment of some) in the forbidden tenets of the nineteenth century—long works, full of lyric melodies; big orchestras, simple chords of C major and the like. It was no coincidence that at about the same time Hindemith produced his symphony in E flat and Stravinsky his symphony in C—unthinkable titles for a radical.

Style and content are not to be confused; whether Stravinsky neo-romantic is better than the same neo-classic, is beside the point. It is certain to be more popular.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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LESSON IN A LIBERAL COLLEGE EDUCATION

(*Continued from page 27*)

There was an expression that went among us after Mr. Kroll had gone: "You can see what too much creative writing can do for you! It can cause you to lose your job! Look what happened to Mr. Kroll! It's hard to believe that creative writing is as explosive as a stick of dynamite, but it is. It's dangerous!" L.M.U. was not the same without Harry Harrison Kroll, for where on this earth would we have another former baseball pitcher for our teacher who would get up and leave his class and tell us we could stay in the classroom if we wanted to but he was going to watch the college baseball game? And where could we get another teacher who would inspire us to fill the college paper and magazine with our efforts?

But another teacher came to take Mr. Kroll's place. He was a short man with pink rosy cheeks who wore a black bow tie that worked up and down with his Adam's apple. He had a soft voice and he rolled his r's when he spoke, which was quite different from the speech of the mountaineers. When DeWitt Davis made his first chapel talk, Harry Kroll's Creative English Class was there. Not a student cut chapel. Not one of us had lost his creative writing fervor. Each nurtured his one ambition and that was to be a writer. But when DeWitt stammered on the stage over the word "ousted," rolling and rolling it and finally pronouncing this word "oosted," then we were a little shocked. Though we were not always accurate on pronunciation we could certainly handle such a simple word as this one. Everybody in chapel laughed, too. We were off to a bad start with our new teacher.

"Now I'll tell you what I'll do," he said the morning he met our creative writing class. "I'm going to do something that has never been done before in this school. I'm going to sponsor a writing contest. I'm going down in my pocket to give a prize of twenty-five dollar each for the best poem, best short story, and best essay. And, of course," he went on, "there'll be a second prize of ten dollars and a third prize of five dollars. Each contestant will be allowed to have one entry in each event. That'll make enough papers, since there are about forty of you. How many of you plan to compete in this contest?" he asked thoughtfully as his blue eyes scanned us from behind celluloid-rimmed glasses. "Will you hold up your hands, please?"

Every right hand and a few lefts went up.

"Wonderful," Professor Davis said. "You certainly have the right spirit!"

"Professor Davis, who will be the judges in this contest?" I asked.

"Not one from this school," he said. "I think it best to go outside and get judges from the English departments of our larger southern institutions."

"Amen," someone approved in the corner of the room.

Then Professor Davis went over a list of probable judges, saying this one had written such-and-such and that one had done so-and-so in the fields of letters. I hadn't heard of many of them but I thought maybe my education was still sadly neglected. But I was glad he was going out and getting judges away from school, for I was afraid if it were left up to our own judges some of the contestants would whisper to one of the local teachers the title of his story, essay, or poem. I was glad that our battle would be decided among strangers who didn't know one of us. And I heartily approved of this contest as much as I disliked this man because he had taken Harry Kroll's place. Thoughts were going through my head. What if I can win first place in poetry? Besides the honor, I shall have enough money to buy a suit of clothes!

One day in class when Professor Davis returned the papers we'd read the week before, several of my poems and a couple of articles were tattooed with red pencil marks. My face must have flushed until it was the color of these marks. Harry Kroll had taught us to get the thought first and that "any damned pedagogue can punctuate it afterwards." However, Mr. Kroll did teach us "the ever-changing fundamentals of the Mother Tongue."

"Stuart," Professor Davis said, as he saw my temper rising, "I know your former teacher was a popular one and I doubt that I can fill his shoes, but I do know when a thing is well written. And," he talked on slowly, softly, cautiously, "I never heard of your teacher until I came here."

"But you will hear of him," I said. "And you will hear plenty about him! I've just had a letter from him and he tells me his third novel's been accepted!"

From that time on until the reports on the contest were due, the gulf widened between Professor Davis and me. If I met him on the campus he begrudgingly spoke to me and I barely grunted. But there was one thing I wanted more than anything in life

A Wreath for San Gemignano

by RICHARD ALDINGTON

From a *Garland of Months* written by a poet of the thirteenth century, Richard Aldington has fashioned a wreath for a lovely hill town of Tuscany that was destroyed during the war. As Mr. Aldington says, the almost unknown poet of San Gemignano, Folgore, has now after all these centuries, survived his medieval fortress town. Mr. Aldington's rediscovery of the marvelous Folgore is indeed a happy one, and is made double rewarding by the illustrations Mrs. Aldington has made to accompany the poems. $2.00

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right now. I wanted to take a first place in the contest and take some of the money he had offered in this contest which came from a meager college teacher's salary. For I, too, was not on a big salary. I was making my entire expenses in L.M.U. on twenty cents an hour, working in the kitchen, the dining room, on the water line, sewage line, and at the rock crusher.

But everybody said that Louella Mason would walk away with the prizes. That's what nearly everybody in the creative writing class thought. And faculty members at the school thought so too. She was the creative genius. And big things were expected of her. Yet that didn't keep the rest of us from trying. Often I gave up hopes for a first place after I figured that 120 papers would be in the contest and only nine could win. After a first place I would be contented with a second place. Dollars looked as big to me as wagon wheels and ten dollars were not to be sneezed at. And if I couldn't get a second place, I'd be glad to get a third. That would put me in the upper nine places.

I never worked harder than I did on this creative writing contest. It was close to my graduation from college and I was out for track that spring too. While I ran cross-country and the two-mile I would think about a new idea to add to the essay or a change for the story. I went over them and over them and lost many hours of study and work in the kitchen and at the rock crusher. It took a lot of work, going over the story and essay repeatedly and never being contented with them. I took four sonnets I'd written at the steel mills before I entered college and went over them, tieing them into a sequence. I was actually afraid to submit just one poem and lose the poetry contest after Mr. Kroll had told me that poetry was my field and for me "to go after it." I was after it.

And I was after the prize. I was after the twenty-five dollars from Professor Davis's pocketbook too. And I worked furiously, neglecting everything else, right up to the deadline when the papers had to be submitted.

After nervously waiting for more than two weeks, we anxiously walked to the classroom one morning to hear the announcement of the winners. Our names had never been used in the contest; we had been asked to devise some numeral or sequence of letters or both for the pieces we submitted. Not even Professor DeWitt Davis knew the authors of any of the essays, poems, or stories submitted. When he walked in and dropped in his chair, he took an envelope from his inside coat pocket. There wasn't a whisper or a sigh as Professor Davis opened the sealed envelope and took out the paper that told the winners.

"Well, here they are, students,"

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
A HAIR'S BREADTH *Lee Thayer* (Dodd Mead: $2.)	Scientist slain during war-show in California stadium. His guest, Peter Clancy, digs into archaeological past to solve contemporary crime.	Clancy, valet Wiggar and cast of pleasant characters, scholarly, villainous and otherwise, meander through loosely knit yarn.	Average
THE SHOCKING PINK HAT *Frances Crane* (Random: $2.)	Pat and Jean Abbott, back in San Francisco again, investigate motor-car murder with narcotic trimmings.	Army intelligence work whets Pat's wits for lively, well plotted and mystifying case with spouse stooging pleasantly.	Good
LOVE HAS NO ALIBI *Octavus Roy Cohen* (Macmillan: $2)	Girl found murdered in apartment of man-about-Manhattan who loves beautiful but married dancer, etc.	Typical glittery Cohen concoction full of pliant and beautiful gals, handsome, hard-drinking gents, bright lights, thugs and what have you.	Diverting
CALL ME PANDORA *Amber Dean* (Crime Club: $2)	Spinster sisters buy city apt. house containing beauty salon. Barber-shears skewer customer and the fun begins.	Another, and not unpleasing, variation on time-honored theme. Posh atmosphere, some gaiety, sufficient action and unobtrusive detective.	Adequate

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Professor Davis said. "First place in poetry goes to 2224-X!"

"That's mine!" I shouted, while my classmates looked curiously at each other.

That was the happiest moment of my life. I had won first place in poetry and twenty-five dollars. That means I'll wire Harry Harrison Kroll today, I thought. It means the new suit of clothes.

And then I thought about how everyone had said Louella would not only take the short story but her imagist-styled poetry would also win first place. Charles Clampton got second in poetry and John Hughes got third.

"2225-X gets first place in the short story," Professor Davis mumbled his words, his face coloring.

"That's mine too!" I shouted. "Gee, I never dreamed . . ."

But my words were drowned by the pandemonium breaking loose among the contestants.

"What about that?" I heard one of the girls say to Louella. "I never thought . . ."

Professor Davis had to call for order in the classroom so he could read the second place winner of the story contest.

"If you don't get quiet," Professor Davis shouted, "I'll have to postpone these other announcements!"

"Second place winner in the short story," he spoke cautiously when the noise had partially subsided, "is . . . let me see . . . 2226-X!"

"That's mine too," I said . . . "But that's my essay . . ."

"Give 'em all to him!" one of my classmates shouted behind me.

"How can an essay be a short story, Professor Davis?" Bert Estes asked.

While Professor Davis called for order, he looked thoughtfully as if he were trying to solve the problem of how an essay had been mistaken for a short story.

"Tell you what we'll do on this," he concluded finally. "We'll put this to a vote of the class."

"No we won't either," I said, my temper rising. "This was the judges' decision and it will stand."

"Mr. Stuart, I'm still running this class," Professor Davis said. "My word is final here."

And he went ahead with the voting, which was done by secret ballot. When the votes were collected and counted, I received one vote to keep the second place in the short story.

I didn't wait to see who won the third place in the story contest and the three places in the essay. But I later learned Weston Hartwell got third place in the story and Humbar Keaton, one next to me in low grades for creative writing, had won first place in the essay, and that Mercy Story and Tom Reynolds, two unknowns in our class, won second and third places respectively.

Sixteen years have passed since that contest climaxed my last work in a creative writing class. Much has happened since that time. In the depression when I was selling hens' eggs for seven cents a dozen to buy postage stamps to send out stories and poems, I missed a $5000 prize for a non-fiction book by one vote after waiting for months for a decision. And once when the Book-of-the-Month Club gave $10,000 to four needy authors, I was number five on the list! How I needed that $2500! When my first novel was accepted, my publishers announced four publication dates, since the Book-of-the-Month Club was interested. Two judges were for my novel, two were for another book, and the fifth judge finally decided against me. I had lost these things, but the combined loss did not hurt me half as much as losing second place in this story contest. It was the way I had lost that hurt.

For I left the classroom with tears in my eyes. It wasn't soft sentimental crying either, for I was mad. I could have fought the teacher for his going against the judges' decision and putting it to a vote and I could have fought my classmates, one at a time, who voted against me. But I can't do this, I thought, for I will lose again. There wasn't anything I could do but dry my tears, cool my temper, and forget.

As I walked across the campus I thought again about Harry Kroll, a great teacher, who had lost his second teaching position because of unrestrained love in his new novel.

JESSE STUART.

YOUR LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Richard D. Blackmore: "Lorna Doone."
2. Edward Bulwer-Lytton: "The Last Days of Pompeii."
3. John Bunyan: "Pilgrim's Progress."
4. Frances H. Burnett: "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and "The Secret Garden."
5. Wilkie Collins: "The Moonstone" and "The Woman in White."
6. Conan Doyle: "The White Company" and the Sherlock Holmes stories.
7. Herman Melville: "Moby Dick."
8. Harriet Beecher Stowe: "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
9. Anthony Trollope: "Barchester Towers" and "The Last Chronicle of Barset."
10. Gen. Lew Wallace: "Ben Hur."

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Unshackled Reason

THOSE of us who are distressed by the movie-minded, radio-controlled young people who read nothing but cheap magazines and "horror" stories will do well to study the current number of the annual book list issued by the New York Public Library. (Books for Young People: An Annual Book List Compiled by the Book Committee for Young People. The New York Public Library. 1946. 38 pp. 10 cents.) It begins this year with three short sections in which the books selected are all annotated. The first section is called "Our Changing World." It includes "Modern Man Is Obsolete," "Atomic Energy in the Coming Era," and Herbert Zim's "Rockets and Jets." Indeed a sentence from the first book might be a key to the whole list: "*. . . to develop their minds and bodies in security and to employ their reason unshackled.*" The second section charts an easy course to the learning of a foreign language and is called "Let's Talk It Over." It is fun to see here, next Alexander Gode's "Portuguese" and "Spanish at Sight," Kurt Wiese's delightful picture book, "You Can Write Chinese." With obvious logic the next section is called "Neighbors" and its editors have gone far afield. Here is Thornton Wilder's "Our Town," Selma Lagerlöf's "Marbacka," Pearl Buck's "The Good Earth," and James Weldon Johnson's autobiography, "Along This Way." After these three come the divisions that have always made this list so popular with high school boys and girls because it so well reflects their interests; World War II, In the Pacific, War Stories, Spy Stories, Science, Sports, stories with historical background listed under each country, Sea and Air Stories, novels and adventure, biography and personal history and short lists of poetry, drama, and essays with the imaginative literature under fascinating names like Tall Tales and Tales Without Dimension.

Now, this list is made by a committee of librarians who spend most of their waking hours providing the books that they want and need to the boys and girls of New York. It is in no way theoretical. It is the result of experience, of a personal enthusiasm for books and reading that is disciplined by professional training and by service to a public that is made up of many creeds, many races, and a widely varying social background. Skeptics may say: "But do boys and girls really *read* these books?" The answer is "yes," but it is a "yes" with an "if" in it. The restless curiosity, the determination to take their part in the affairs of their country and the world that is one of the characteristics of the young people of today will lead them to read almost *anything* if they are given a wide, free choice and if there is someone nearby who can discuss books from their point of view. It is rare to find a librarian, or even a teacher, who combines two necessary qualifications for this work; a knowledge of and enthusiasm for good books and a willingness to put himself in the place of a boy or girl who has no background, no trained judgment but is eager to read. Any hint of superiority is fatal. On the other hand, a high standard is necessary if the reading is to lead anywhere.

Another desirable quality that this list brings out is humor. It is latent in most young people and can be awakened through books and book discussion very easily. It is clearly evident in the reviews of current books written by a group of young people here in New York who call themselves The Nathan Straus Book Reviewers because they are centered in the public library that was given to the city of New York some years ago by the Straus family. It is "for children and young people only" and is headed by one of those rare librarians aforementioned who combines a high standard with humor and understanding. These reviews are published in a little magazine called *Circulatin' the News.* If one can get hold of a copy, it makes for cheerful reading. There is nothing studied, selfconscious, or academic in these reviews. They are frank, incisive, often curiously analytic. Some of them show an extraordinary grasp of issues that this country is facing, some show humor and detachment, some an awareness of the more subtle qualities in the written word—poetry, rhythm, wit, satire, cynicism.

—From "Eisenhower, the Liberator"

How can one reconcile the testimony of this group and the popular conception of young people whose thoughts and ideas are controlled by Hollywood and the pulp magazines? The answer probably is that *all* teen age boys and girls would read as widely and as intelligently as this group if they were given the same opportunity. What America needs is more public libraries staffed by informed and interesting people, more good book stores with special services, more book reviewing and book discussions. This will take money because the first step must be better salaries; but it will be an investment that will bring in rich dividends. The money needed would be only a fraction of the almost incredible sums that have been spent on information and education by the Federal Government. America is proud of the strong bodies and good sportsmanship of its boys and girls. It could be equally proud of their mental standard and attitudes if it would begin now to furnish a basis for them to "employ their reason unshackled."

MARY GOULD DAVIS.

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Supreme Commander

EISENHOWER, THE LIBERATOR. By André Maurois. Drawings by George Avison. New York: Didier. 1946. 80 pp. $2.

ANDRE MAUROIS begins his lively and interesting biography of General Eisenhower with this question: "Why was this one man chosen as Commander-in-Chief of these great forces, and what were the qualities that contributed to his outstanding career?" His answers to these queries are convincing in some ways and less convincing in others. He succeeds in making us see and feel the character-forming elements that made this Kansas boy become a world-famous man. He fails to make a clear picture of his background in its physical aspect. The farm and household in Abilene might be any farm, any household in any country.

It is when he comes to the African campaign that he gets into his stride and tells dramatically a great story. As he tells it the incidents march on inevitably to an inevitable end; the secret landing of General Clark and his interview with General Mast, the tense hours of the night before the landing, the difficulties with General Giraud and Admiral Darlan, the thrilling Tunisian campaign with General Montgomery and General Rommel matching their wits and strength, the coming to Casablanca of President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill, the sudden brilliant decision to attack the German Afrika Korps from the north follow one another without a break, leading to what Churchill called "not the beginning of the end but the end of the beginning."

Then come Sicily and Italy and the long, incredibly careful planning for D-Day.

As Maurois writes the story General Eisenhower is always the central figure. His personality pervades every incident. He is careful to give full credit to the General in his description of the liberation of Paris by the French Army—ably assisted by its citizens—and in his explanation of why Paris was not bombed. Toward the end he says: "He has become one of the most popular men in the world and with justice."

At the very end of the story Maurois brings the General back to Abilene and to the wildly affectionate greeting of his friends and family. Here again, there is something lacking. It is not the whole picture.

Like the earlier life of Benjamin Franklin, the format of this book is confusing. In illustration and typography it suggests a book for younger boys and girls. In text it is definitely for the older ones. This is a pity, because there is much in both biographies that older boys and girls would enjoy. They should have, really, the format of a book for adults if they are to win the readers that they deserve.

M.G.D.

—From "Sinbad of the Coast Guard.

War Hero

SINBAD OF THE COAST GUARD. By George F. Foley, Jr. Illustrated by George Gray. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1946. 157 pp. $2.50.

ON a cold dark night in the winter of 1937 a boatswain's mate came back to his ship with a "liberty bag" in which sat a sturdy black-and-white dog of uncertain ancestry and great appeal. That dog was Sinbad the Sailor and he became the now famous mascot of the Coast Guard cutter *Campbell*. For six long years he sailed the seas with the crew of the *Campbell* as a popular and respected member of the crew. Although he has become one of the most famous dogs of the Second World War, he still belongs to the *Campbell* and passionately resents any attempt to separate him from it. The Coast Guard has seen to his training and no better sailor can be found anywhere. After the tense battle with the German wolf-pack his conduct won him well deserved fame and the SPARS asked him to visit them in New York. Sinbad agreed at first—he had been six years at sea and was in line for a thirty-day leave. But the crowd, the traffic, the noise, and confusion were too much for him. He abruptly left the swanky SPAR hotel on Broadway and legged it back to the *Campbell*—to the intense pride and joy of the crew.

His story is told by a fellow-member of the *Campbell's* crew and illustrated by a Coast Guard artist. No country other than America could have produced such a story. American boys and girls will love it.

M.G.D.

Dramatic Figure

LENIN. By Nina Brown Baker. New York: The Vanguard Press. Illustrated by Louis Slobodkin. 1945. 258 pp. $2.50.

THERE are many people for whom the history of Russia in the last twenty-five years holds much confusion, although it has been such an amazing and significant phase in modern history that any person of intelligence wants to become familiar with it. It is important, then, for our young people to have these events in Russia in a lucid and interesting transcription. Nina Brown Baker has done this successfully in her biography of Lenin for older boys and girls. He is the central figure about whom these dramatic events fall naturally into place. The story is graphic and animated with a clarity that has great value. She does not fail to create a deep human interest in the figures who people the pages. The biography may well be read by adults as well as by young people.

It opens with a picture of a normal, middle-class family in a small Russian town. The activity of the older brother in the family was viewed with suspicion in that strict Czarist regime. After demonstrations against the Czar his arrest came inevitably and he was hanged in the prison yard. The second brother, Ilyich, later called Lenin, was in disgrace because of this. His education was interfered with and finally stopped. But he possessed enough ambition and ability to complete it himself and obtained a degree in law. Very soon, however, he took up the cause of the industrial workers, eventually drifting into an "underground" career, instructing the factory workers in social conditions and in socialistic ideas.

Miss Baker follows his career, step by step, until its final phase after the industrial revolution of 1917, set off by a strike of factory women. A relatively quiet movement, this was the true industrial revolution in which the middle classes joined. Kerensky, heading a weak provisional government, fell into conflict with Lenin over the position of Russia in the First World War. Kerensky, striving for an ideal democracy, wanted Russia to continue in the war. Lenin wanted the suffering Russian people to have peace, land, and bread. It was he who led them after the Treaty of Brest Litovsk in opposition to capitalism and in building a Socialist

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order for the whole of Russia. From then on until his death he worked untiringly in the cause for which he gave his life. The development of a people and of a nation go on side by side in this biography. The reader's interest is held through the very last page.

MARION C. DODD.

Man of Integrity

JOE LOUIS: AMERICAN. By Margery Miller. New York: Current Books, Inc. 1945. 181 *pp.* $2.

SOME day a really fine biography of Joe Louis should be written. He stands for two qualities that are important to young people: integrity in sports and devotion to his country. The jacket-blurb of this biography calls it "an exciting saga." We do not find it so. It is a factual record of the life of Joe Louis Barrow and a detailed account of his battles in the ring. What one misses in it is a broader analysis, a wider view that would show this American sportsman and soldier in a truer perspective. He is an important person. Thousands of the young men and women of his race look to him as a model. He has solved so many of the problems that beset them. They will learn from this book the details of his life and of his development as a boxer, the men who influenced him and the growth of his fame. Perhaps it is too soon to define his place in history. Perhaps it will need a longer perspective to tell just what he has done for the progress of his people.

M. G. D.

A Boy and His Dog

BIG RED. By Jim Kjelgaard. Illustrations by Bob Kuhn. New York: Holiday House. 1945. 233 *pp.* $2.

THIS book came too late to be included in the Children's Book Week number of *The Saturday Review,* which is a pity because it would make such a good present to a favorite "young person." The story of a boy and his dog, it is obviously based upon observation and experience. The background is vivid, the human and animal relationships clear cut and convincing.

The scene is the Wintapi country in northern Pennsylvania—primeval forest where deer and bear, wildcat and wolverine still abound, where the mountain streams are still filled with trout and grouse and partridge still nest and breed. Danny Pickett and his father, Ross, were trappers. Not far from their cabin there was a large estate owned by a wealthy man whose hobby was horses and dogs. It is his dog, a thoroughbred Irish setter, who is the Big Red of this book. Now Ross Pickett, Danny's father, worked only with hounds who could trail for him the "varmints," as he called the native wild things. He was at first a bit scornful of the beautiful, aristocratic Big Red who was handed over to Danny to train. Mr. Haggin, the owner, saw in Danny those qualities that make for complete understanding between men and dogs. He took Danny to New York and let him learn what he needed to know about breeds at the annual Dog Show at Madison Square Garden. Then he told him to take Red to the cabin in the Wintapi. Red soon showed his quality. He became an expert bird dog and, when the stern necessity of the Wintapi wilderness challenged him, he answered the challenge.

The story of the bitter, desperate battle with Danny and Red on one side and Old Majesty, the huge black bear that had reigned supreme over that part of the forest for years, on the other, is a thrilling one. Courage was not enough; there had to be skill and cunning, too. Both Red and Danny had learned through experience and in the end they won.

There is a nice dash of humor in the tale. Like Jim Kjelgaard's two earlier stories, this is particularly happy in its characterization. Mr. Haggin is not just a conventional rich man, as he might easily have been. He is a well-drawn, well-balanced character. He is neither superior nor sentimental.

Mr. Kjelgaard's story of the American Revolution, "Rebel Siege," was unusually good. This is equally satisfying. The illustrations in black and white are interesting interpretations of the characters and the scene.

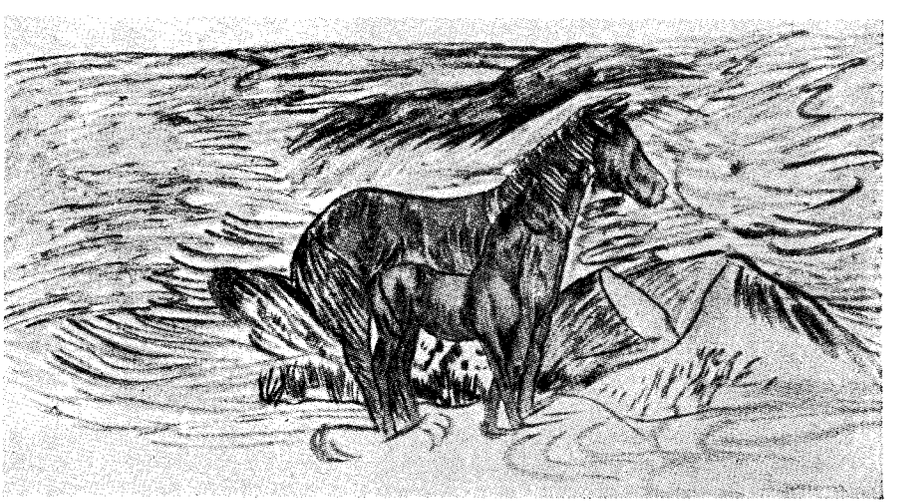
M. G. D.

"Little-No-Shirt"

SPIN A SILVER DOLLAR: The Story of a Desert Trading Post. By Alberta Hannum. Illustrated with Color Reproductions of the Work of the Navaho Boy Artist Little-No-Shirt (Beatien Yazz). New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 173 *pp.* $3.75.

WHEN Sallie and Bill Lippincott bought the old Trading Post at Wide Ruins in the Navaho Indian Reservation in northern Arizona they immediately proceeded to renovate it. The house, built of wood, stucco, and stone, adjoined the store where the Navahos came to exchange their skins and wool and silver ornaments for calico, staple groceries, and soft drinks. When the old plaster was peeled from the walls of the house they found that the ceiling in the living room "had an unexpected slope" and was beamed with twenty-four slender pine logs that "gleamed like honey when they were cleaned and oiled." When the cleaning and reinforcing were finished — and, like everyone else, they had their labor troubles—one of the Navahos put on by hand a cream-colored adobe "which held the glow of the firelight in its unevenness."

As the work progressed the Lippincotts learned to know their neighbors there in the desert. There was the Little Old Woman, the oldest in the tribe. There was the Medicine Man, Loukaichukai. There was Joe Toddy, who became their "handy man" and who was the father of the gifted boy whose paintings make this book a thing of beauty, a lasting treasure. It would be a good story without Beatien Yazz — whom the Lippincotts call "Jimmy." And yet it is dominated by this young artist and the development of his art.



—From "Spin a Silver Dollar."

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Much happens at Wide Ruins in the four years before Pearl Harbor breaks its rhythm. Through it all Jimmy moves, silent and shy, coming without a word to the little studio that they fitted up for him, making his unique interpretations of the desert and its animals, then leaving them, still without a word, for Sallie to judge and treasure. Jimmy's first picture, after they came to Wide Ruins, was scratched on a flat rock with a piece of sharpened stone. It reminded Sallie of the ancient drawings in the Museum of Santa Fe. She got Jimmy some paints and brushes and pads of good paper and put them in his corner of the store. Sometimes he would work steadily for several days. Sometimes he left the paints untouched for weeks. Often he discarded the neat pads and used scraps and bits of paper that he found around the store. The first drawings were conventional, but as the rhythm of life changed for him, his work changed. The lines grew freer, the faces of the desert animals more expressive, the use of color more striking and original.

As Jimmy developed, some of the Navaho ways dropped from him. When his favorite horse died, he went out into the desert alone and buried it—in spite of the Navaho taboo against touching a dead thing. Sallie took him to the Southwest Museum at Santa Fe in order that he might see the work of other artists. She sent his lovely water-colors to exhibitions. But the growth of Jimmy's art came from within himself. It is like a barometer, reflecting every change, every emotional impact that comes to a growing boy. The reproductions in this book prove this.

—From "Big Red."

There is much in this book that older boys and girls will enjoy: the Navaho ceremonies, the Turkey Shoot, the native humor that is matched by the unfailing humor of Bill and Sallie, the story of Jimmy's sister, Mary. The desert scene is shown in word pictures that leave a vivid impression. But it is Jimmy's story and his water-color drawings that give the book its permanent value.

We shall hear more of him. His drawings are signed *Beatien Yazz*, which is a translation into Navaho of his nickname—Little-No-Shirt. Navahos have, apparently, given names; but they also have a very great reluctance to part with them. In the photograph of Jimmy on the cover-jacket, his hands are in his pockets, as though he would conceal the very instruments of his art. It does not matter. Those hidden hands have created beauty for a world that sadly needs it.

M. G. D.

Children of Islands

By Mary Carolyn Davies

We are the children of ocean, the children of islands, the children of seas.
We would pine and die on flat dry plains where no sea is showing.
Typhoons and storms and the rage and the fury of these
We have spent our lives in knowing.

When the great sea calls in anger or tenderness
We come, we give ourselves to its rage or caressing.
The aged ocean reaches its dripping hands
To give us its blessing.

The color of ocean colors our world, its sound
Is the sound we listen for, it is the sound we know
As well as our loved ones breathing in the midnight.
We smell the sea as we smell a sweetheart's hair.

We have come for a while to stare at your towering cities,
We are puzzled but not surprised by their mystery,
We will forget them after one night in our islands,
For now we go home again to our father, the sea.

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the Phoenix Nest

OUTLANDER

HE came a star-roamer
From a cold fiery clime.
He sang, a young Homer,
Down dark streets of time,
His brow scarred by lightning,
His lip curled to bliss,
His forest eyes frightening
A sham world like this.

He crouched by the ocean
And strummed a deep stave.
The pinewood in motion
Stepped down to the wave.
The glassed wave reared swinging
Its mantle foam-free,
Spellbound by that singing,
The fanged cobra sea.

The sun's pennoned glory
Wrought pageants of sky.
The dark promontory
Flung a white gull on high.
He sang golden-throated
Sidereal rhyme
Of chaos world-moted
And the dream we call time.

When lamps lit the village
He strolled through moon-shade.
Their trawling and tillage
He hummed, and their trade.
They turned, craning after,
Then near or afar
Followed jostling with laughter
His lilting guitar.

By the green and the churches
He swerved up the hill.
He climbed as one searches
For a cynosure still,
Till high above steeple,
Branch-black on the moon,
He turned toward the people
And plucked forth a tune.

They saw Borealis,
They saw comets fly.
Dream pasture, dream palace
Stood clear in the sky.
A deep chord was aching
To tears in each breast.
A great wave was breaking
And thundering to rest.

No later revealing
Quite made it come right
As to why they were kneeling
On Hill Street that night.
They scrambled up, dusting
Their knees, and stood still.
They coughed, looked mistrusting,
Then gazed up the hill.

Yet no one felt sillier,
No soul found it vain,
Now all things familiar
Rushed round them again.
Over orchard and arbor
A star trailed and fell.
The height above the harbor
Said softly, farewell.

* * *

The following is from David Rankin Barbee of Washington, D. C.:

> As a close reader of The Phoenix Nest (every issue), which I find stimulating, even when I furiously disagree with some of its pet divagations and divaporations, I was interested to learn that John Wilkes Booth had played in a dramatization of Mrs. Southworth's novel, "The Hidden Hand." For more than forty years I have been studying the life of that errant but remarkable person and thought that I had a complete and accurate list of all the plays in which he had ever appeared But it seems not, for Mr. Walbridge would hardly have said that Booth acted in "The Hidden Hand" if it were not so. Would you be so good as to publish where and when this took place?
>
> It should not be a matter of wonder if Booth did produce this drama, for he was probably the sole actor of his day to try out new plays. There were no American playwrights then writing tragedies or plays that would appeal to tragedians, and so most of the latter followed the pattern of the English stage and presented the classic English dramas.
>
> Booth was entirely different from the characterization of him that has crept into history. In the very latest summation of his personality and position as an artist we are told that he was "a second-rate actor, thwarted by the artistic superiority of his brother Edwin." This by one who has written his biography, who, however, promotes him eight grades, for formerly he was only a tenth-rate actor, and a drunkard to boot!
>
> What did those who *knew* him say of all this? John T. Ford, who managed the elder Booth and his actor sons and grandsons, thought more highly of John Wilkes's talents than he did of Edwin's. "He would have made the greatest actor of his time had he lived," said the veteran manager. "His early performances were much better than Edwin's."
>
> John Ellsler, who played with all the Booths, and who trained more fine actors than any stage director of his generation, when asked about this family of great tragedians, cried out that "John has more of the old man's power in one performance than Edwin can show in a year. He has the fire, the dash, the touch of *strangeness* . . . Wait a year or two till he gets used to the harness, and quiets down a bit, and you will see as great an actor as America can produce."
>
> The famous English comedian, Sir Charles Wyndham, from intimate personal knowledge, said of him: "As an actor, the natural endowment of John Wilkes Booth was of the highest. His original gift was greater than that of his wonderful brother Edwin."
>
> And to dear old Mrs. Gilbert he was "the most perfect Romeo, the finest I ever saw."
>
> Students of the theater know that Romeo is perhaps the most difficult role in the Shakespearean theatre to enact. The older Booth never tried it, because it was beyond his powers. Only two English actors ever succeeded in it—David Garrick and Spranger Barry. Edwin Booth failed in it so often that he had to withdraw it from his repertory. I assume that when an actor is "perfect" in the role that few have succeeded in, he is pretty near the top of his profession.

* * *

Alice Haines Baskin of South Catalina Avenue, Pasadena, California, sends me:

REGALIA

Silk of sorrow and thread of anguish,
The robe of courage is woven and worn;
The jewel of honor, dew-bright at daybreak
Hangs on the blood-red thorn.

* * *

The Word Weavers of Los Angeles announce their Second Annual Ballad Contest in honor of Stephen Vincent Benét. They offer ten dollars as first prize for either the literary or popular form of ballad and five dollars as second prize for either form. Any subject but war may be treated. Humor is particularly solicited. Send entries before May 1, 1946, to the Word Weavers, Box 9634, Station S, Los Angeles 5, California.

* * *

Bernard M. Allen (Yale '92) writes me from Cheshire, Connecticut:

> What started this letter was your reference to Heywood Broun, Bob Benchley, and the Sacco-Vanzetti case, and your poem. I was tremendously interested in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, attended the Dedham trial for three days, and felt obliged, at the end of the tragedy, to write some ironical verses to President Lowell of Harvard, chairman of the commission appointed by Governor Fuller (with reference to the famous rhyme, "You've heard of the city of Boston—etc."):
>
> When that ill-famed report was in the making,
> Which sent two guiltless men beneath the sod,
> Was that a time the high-born college president
> Had talked with God?

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I knew personally Mrs. Glendower Evans, Mrs. Winslow, and Gardner Jackson, to whom Vanzetti wrote letters later published. Lewis Gannett of the *Herald-Tribune* is another man who says what he thinks about the case whenever he has a chance. Your poem reminds me a little of Ralph Chaplin's "Mourn not the dead who in the cool earth lie . . . etc." [See "The Poetry of Freedom" p. 537—Ed.] You skin 'em alive in literary fashion and phrase, but I think you do the Laodiceans a little injustice. They were more or less warm, and most of your targets don't seem to get even up to that temperature. Incidentally, I've been teaching Latin in Phillips Andover for over fifty years. Got fired from Phillips for going to Lawrence to visit the strikers in '19 and getting whacked by a cop, but have run fairly high temperature most of the fifty years. I trust you'll pardon this mixed up screed. Any printed reference to the Sacco-Vanzetti case is apt to set me off. A member of the Harvard Law School faculty universally honored (Dean Pound, whose sister, Louise Pound, told me) has said that not a single member of that distinguished group of lawyers believed that either Sacco or Vanzetti had been proved guilty.

Mr. Allen also sends me the following, the author C. M. A. Rogers. It appeared originally in *The Classical Outlook:*

ONE WORLD

"The universe is an unimaginable whole. I feel myself a humble instrument of the universal power. . . . . and wish to be not merely a necessary but a willing instrument in working out the inscrutable end."

JUDGE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

I am blood kin to all mankind I know.
The stream that courses in my veins and yours
springs from the infinite. Its ebb and flow
are governed by a spirit that endures
eternally. I go along the street,
and where a thousand men, some weak, some strong,
master and servant, kings and subjects meet,
I find my kith and kin. These folk belong
to me. For this I know and share the pride
my brother feels for some fine end attained.
His shame is mine, his hurt is pain to me,
since blood and brotherhood are not denied.
The stream flows on and will not be restrained,
shaping its channel to infinity.

. . . I like what that says.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

Margaret, Cecily and Veronica

By Margaret Stavely

Margaret, Cecily and Veronica,
in white lawn dresses and blue sashes,
plain black slippers and long cotton stockings,
look down purely from their frame. Ashes

of all the dismal years between are blown
away in bits no larger than slivers of air,
since the picture of Cecily, Veronica and Margaret
was hung up there.

The hours are gone, through which each followed
her separate interest, each her own gentle art.
The keyhole still exists where Margaret
peered at a performance in which she took no part;

ran and told Cecily, who being deft
at story-telling, exaggeration and drama,
reiterated Margaret's description to Veronica.
Outraged and frightened, Veronica told mama.

They were all beaten, bedded without supper.
(In this decade no child must let her lips
fondle such images!) Mama, puffing and breathless
behind her bosom, applied the whips.

Margaret and Cecily, without much effort,
grew up long ago, bore children, died.
Upon their mantels, carved from yellow ivory,
a statuette of monkeys squatted side by side,

dumb, deaf and blind. They were the fashion.
Not many in their families paused to look
at them too often, unless it were Veronica,
a thin, shy spinster, behind a book

back in the shadows, who felt their accusation,
knowing they waited for the night . . . the dream
of turning toward him and his silver kisses . . .
their composite assumption of his face . . . the scream . . .

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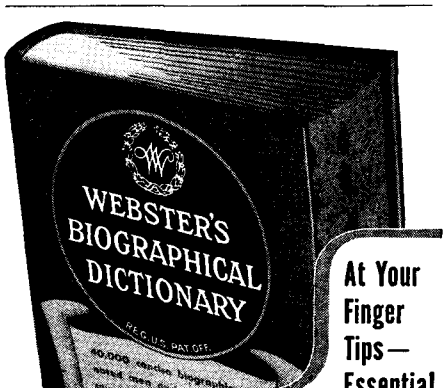

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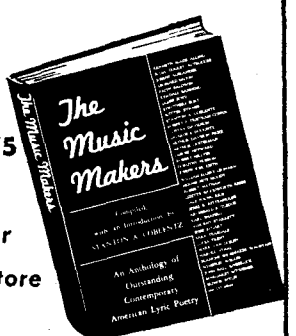

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 621

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down, the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 48 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. English writer of novels, histories, sociological works, etc. (1866-).
B. Capable of double interpretation.
C. American penologist, warden of Sing Sing 1920-41.
D. German painter and etcher, forerunner of Rembrandt, founder of modern landscape painting (1578-1610).
E. Nearly spherical but with one diameter slightly exceeding the others.
F. Mother of Phrixos and Helle (Gr. Myth.)
G. A kind of sausage of tripe or other entrails (Fr.)
H. Carrying back.
I. Town in Holland, famous for pottery.
J. Type of Chinese porcelain with a soft-looking ivory-white glaze, from Ting-chow (Comp.)
K. Unusually admirable or delightful (3 wds.; Slang).
L. To tell rapidly or fluently, as a story (2 wds.)
M. In respect of appearance.
N. Abreast of (2 wds.)
O. French actress (1820-58; "Camille," "Cléopâtre," etc.)
P. Offensive from insincerity or baseness of motive, etc.
Q. Speechless.
R. A weed of grainfields, supposed to be the darnel (Bib.)
S. American Negro writer and poet (1902- ; "Weary Blues", etc.)
T. Great American general in recent war (1890-).
U. Rough-skinned reddish brown winter apple.
V. Weak talk; verbal blunder (from a character in "Joseph Andrews").
W. Important religious centre in Israelite history, where Joseph's bones are interred (Bib.)
X. A foreman; chief; arbiter.
Y. God of the destructive sun, war, pestilence; supreme lord of the world of the dead (Babylon. Relig.)
Z. Jewish word meaning "peace", used in greeting and farewell, etc.

WORDS

95 127 28 121 107

168 149 120 106 180 12 67 99 158

114 64 21 70 97

80 66 134 39 8 130 69 22 57

73 7 161 163 77 56 86 118

117 176 61 9 85 157 51

116 145 94 141 76 156 60 65 10

52 181 25 59 16 139 148 38

154 40 44 119 15

164 167 93 174 84 178 112

172 4 78 75 122 42 170 27 58 162

152 13 32 90 138 71 173

104 150 48 37 160 137 33 129 115

144 41 1 179 6 135

103 34 146 20 2 124

126 142 109 53 29 45 108

133 159 63 24 5 89 83

165 81 143 151

175 18 132 79 184 31

128 46 14 36 82 23 147 155 54 182

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140 100 123 102 183 91 55 169

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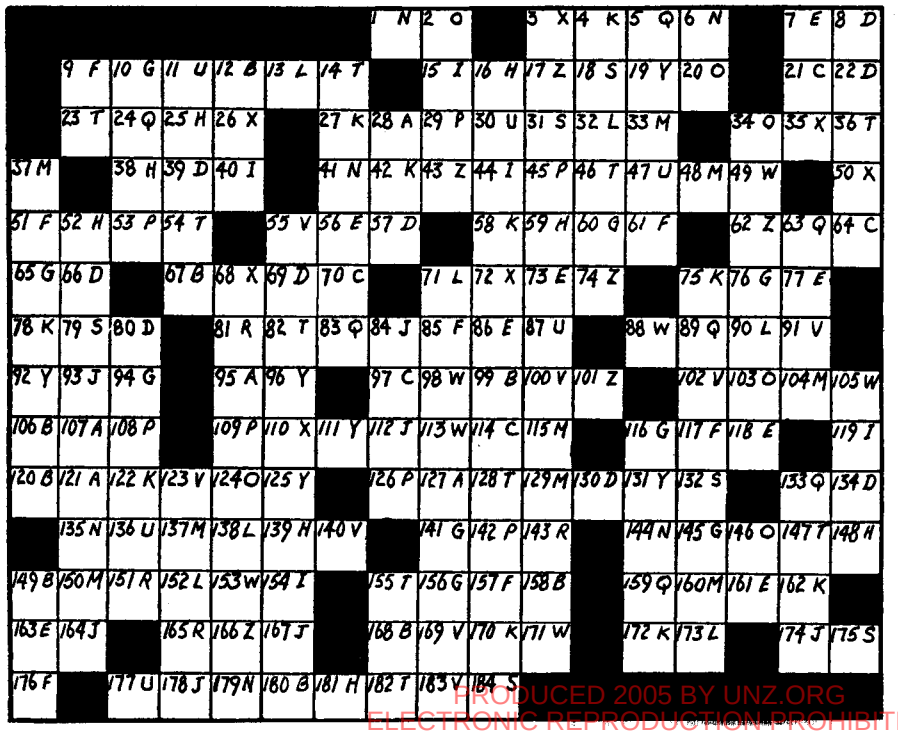
68 50 26 72 3 110 35

131 96 111 19 92 125

62 166 43 101 17 74



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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

ONE of the happiest by-products of our DC's was the receipt last month of the December copy of the *Natural History Magazine*, published monthly by the American Museum of Natural History, with the accompanying letter signed by "Four DCers, Suzannoe Ninomiya, Kathryne Galbraith, Nancy Moss, Helen Ellis":

> We were pleased to find the Snowy Owl in this week's Double-Crostic, since it was the subject of the cover of *Natural History* for December, and the four of us spend the greater part of our days nurturing that magazine . . . As a reward we are sending you that issue, with as lovely a portrait of the——— Owl as you could wish to see. Perhaps, too, you will meet up with new DC words in the context, such as 'williwaws,' on page 445 . . . Thank you for many puzzling moments that often stretch into hours.

He is, indeed, a handsome fellow on a gray-brown branch against a rare blue background, well worth framing. "Williwaws" I have already given you via the radio from our troops in South Africa, for with its precious w's I snapped it up at once. The very day of the receipt of the above letter I had made a note on my desk-pad: Natural History Museum to see the references in substance and pictures given by Roy Chapman Andrews in "Meet Your Ancestors." Now I shall have a double object, thank you, "four DCers."

Private Ruben Cofsky, in military camp at Salina, Kansas, is the writer of another of those refreshing letters we welcome:

> A few months ago, while in the post library, I noticed the librarian, Eunice Swick, and a helper poring over what seemed to me a crossword puzzle. I nosed in between them rudely and a bit scornfully, since at one time I had considered myself quite a solver of CW puzzles. . . . After they explained the make-up of the DC, I wasn't as cocky as before. In a short time we finished by dint of thumbing through the Bible, the dictionary, the World Almanac, Shakespeare, and various encyclopedias. On successive evenings Swick and I dug up old copies and blazed away at the blank squares. While I at first was cautious about filling in letters, she would always attempt to guess in the word-patterns. I named this method Swickism, but soon I was out-Swicking her. . . . I confess that for several weeks I was DC happy until our meagre supply of back numbers was devoured. I must also confess to being chagrined at finding that the DC's are not new, but have been going "on and on." Where have I been? . . . Since Swick has left for her home in the East I stand unchallenged as the DC expert (nobody evinces more than a bored interest) . . .

The New York Times Book Review, *on its front page, says:*

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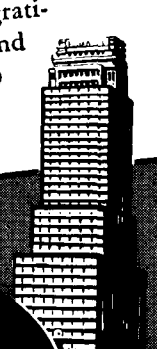

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